TEXAS GOVERNORS' WIVES

By PEARL CASHELL JACKSON

E. L. STECK, Publisher
AUSTIN, TEXAS

To My Dear Friend

Libbie White

Who spurs me on to better things—
Who under all circumstances is
cheerful and companionable—Who
gives me a friendship noble and
sincere—I lovingly dedicate this book.

ILLUSTRATIONS

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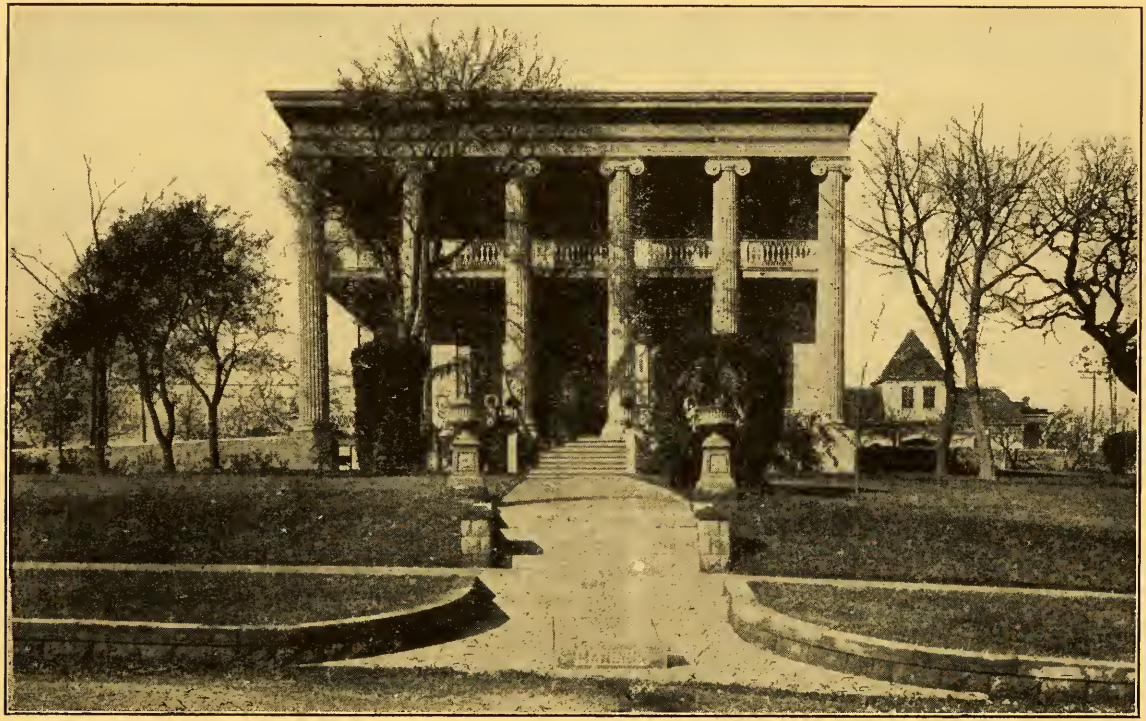


THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION
Austin, Texas

PREFACE

"What is, hath been—and what has been, shall be;
For naught is new—nay, naught beneath the sun."
—Roe.

This is truly the Woman's age, and it is right and just that future students have these brief sketches of "Our Governors' Wives" to glance over when they are digging in the whys and wherefores of Texas history.

Emerson says there is no history, only biography. This is exemplified in French literature. The French are poor historians, yet their memoirs are the most interesting reading in the world, and the intimacy of the memoir gives an insight into the real life of that nation as no clear cold historical fact ever could.

These life pictures of Texas Governors' Wives, inadequate as they are, give a clearer understanding of the times, the customs, and the spirit of Texas. Pity 'tis, 'tis true—little is known of the lives of many of these women, and that only when the romance or the poetry of the individual appealed to the literary dilettante.

If these sketches arouse enough interest to bring to light more definite knowledge of these interesting characters, Texas Governors' Wives, I shall not feel my work a failure. Some incidents quoted are questioned, but to the best of my ability and with careful and laborious research, I have tried to state the facts, human as they may seem.

History makes no mention of the influence these women had on their husbands and through them on their State. From a child I have lived in Austin. I have known most of the Governors' wives. Long ago I was struck with the interest that clusters around these uncrowned queens, and while yet a school girl, I would jot down in my note book some interesting incident that I happened to hear of, perhaps some bit of conversation concerning the first lady of Texas. Much of this happened long ago, but it is happening today, so alike is human nature.

In this interesting group are many women of many minds, because it must be remembered the people of Texas are from everywhere; it is a small world within itself.

In the twenty-two biographies that I shall set forth, is almost every character known to historical womanhood. Changing political conditions have had an influence. From 1845, when "Texas was a country of whose fame the whole civilized world was ringing," enveloped in the romance and heroism of the Alamo and San Jacinto; then torn by the conflicting strife of civil war, when brother was against brother and lifelong friends became bitter political foes; down through the terrible reconstruction days to emerge a State that is in the limelight of the Nation, these women of ours have been weighed, and not found wanting.

If it is true "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," then 'tis true that our Governors' wives had their responsibilities. Carping criticism has burned into the heart of more than one, yet most of these

women had character and resolution, which are the parents of success.

There is a queer old fisherman of Provincetown, Mass., with the blue of the sea in his eyes and the imprint of the cold northeast winds on his face, who has the reputation as a witness in court of never expressing his opinion on any subject. No matter who asked him, or what was asked, it seemed impossible for him to give a direct reply. The lawyer tired himself out trying to get him to give an opinion as to the moral character of the defendant in a certain case on trial, and, giving up in despair, appealed to the court. The judge regarded the witness sternly and in a severe tone inquired:

"Witness, do you believe that the defendant is a good man or a bad man? Answer me straight."

"Jedge," said the old man earnestly, "sometimes I think he is an' sometimes I think he ain't, but I've never been able to make up my mind on it."

Unlike this man, I shall tell of these women what I know or what an older generation knew, try to put them before you, each in her own administration surrounded by the cares, the joys, and the atmosphere of the time until I bring them down to the stress of present-day progress. But after all these years of study and interest in this subject, I must say

"All things I thought I knew, but now confess
The more I know, I know the less."

—Pearl Cashell Jackson.

GOVERNORS OF TEXAS

James Pinckney Henderson	1846-1847
George T. Wood	1847-1849
Peter H. Bell	1849-1853
Elisha M. Pease	1853-1857
Hardin R. Runnels	1857-1859
Sam Houston	1859-1861
Edward Clark	1861-1861
F. R. Lubbock	1861-1863
Pendleton Murrah	1863-1865
A. J. Hamilton (appointed)	1865-1866
J. W. Throckmorton	1866-1867
Elisha M. Pease (military)	1867-1869
E. J. Davis	1870-1874
Richard Coke	1874-1876
R. B. Hubbard	1876-1879
O. M. Roberts	1879-1883
John Ireland	1883-1887
L. S. Ross	1887-1891
James S. Hogg	1891-1895
Charles A. Culberson	1895-1899
Joseph D. Sayers	1899-1903
S. W. T. Lanham	1903-1907
Thos. M. Campbell	1907-1911
Oscar B. Colquitt	1911-1915
James E. Ferguson	1915-

FRANCES COX

WIFE OF JAMES PINCKNEY HENDERSON
GOVERNOR FROM 1845 TO 1847

In the time-yellowed Lamar papers at the State Capitol in Austin is a letter from the brilliant young diplomat, James Pinckney Henderson, minister to France from the Republic of Texas, written from Paris, where he was stationed, to President Lamar.

This letter is dated September 26, 1839, and includes this postscript:

"I could not very well tell you in the body of this letter which is semi-official, that I am about to be married, which you may be surprised to hear, considering my bad health. But do not be surprised that one of your constituents is to be married in Paris, because it is not to be a French or even an European lady, but one of our own country, a native of Philadelphia, who has been in Europe for eight or ten years.

J. P. H."

It seems typical of the future greatness of Texas, that the then future wife of J. Pinckney Henderson, our first Governor, was a woman fitted to adorn any position; and when I assert that her superior has never been found among our numerous Governors' wives, it does not, in the least, reflect upon any one of them.

It has been said of Frances Cox that, if she had been dropped down in almost any obscure corner of Europe, she would not have found herself embar-

MRS. HENDERSON
Copied From a Portrait Made Soon After Marriage

rassed in addressing the people; for nearly all these tongues had been learned by her in actual conversation with the people of these various nationalities as well as through books. Outside of the educated Russian or Polish woman who has the gift of many tongues, few women have the wonderful ability to translate twenty-eight languages. She fluently spoke twenty-two. She learned Russian after she was sixty years of age, and that, too, without a teacher.

Frances Cox was a finished musician. At eight years of age she could read the most difficult music. Later she was perfect master of the piano and the harp. She was specially an expert on the harp, which was not only an outlet for her well-trained voice, but showed to advantage the grace and symmetry of an unusually good figure.

She had a remarkable memory, never forgetting anything once learned, her brilliant mind lasting to the day of her death.

It is said that, in the salons of France, master mathematicians have tried to catch her, but she could easily work a problem in her head that they would solve with paper and pencil.

She was a daring horseback rider, and a swimmer of no mean ability. While Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were living in Texas, and men came on horseback to see the Governor, her younger daughter, Julia, who inherited a good many of her mother's accomplishments, used to "try" their horses.

Mrs. Henderson was a devout Episcopalian, and not only assisted in building pioneer churches, but edu-

cated several young ministers for that church. At San Augustine, Texas, she built the first Episcopal Church out of her own private fortune, and a memorial church of that order marks the resting place of her daughter Martha, who died abroad. She was a philanthropist when Texas had many calls, and no one was ever turned from her door empty-handed.

Mrs. Henderson crossed the ocean fifteen times, traveling over 60,000 miles, when traveling was not so luxurious as it is nowadays.

She exemplified the highest type of American literary women. Among her original tales, "Priscilla, the Freed Woman," is considered one of the finest delineations ever made of negro character. It was written after several winters spent on her daughter's plantation home in Louisiana. It is not out of place to say she wrote of the negro from the viewpoint of the Southern rather than that of the Northern writer; but it is not so much Mrs. Henderson's original writings as her translations of foreign tales and dramas, that place her on the literary roll of honor. These translations are not only from many different tongues, but they represent a wide range in variety and in literary style. She was enough at home in the manners and customs of the different people to grasp the spirit of the original writer. "Dunderikborg and Other Tales," by Mrs. Pinckney Henderson, are in Show Case D of the State Library.

Frances Cox Henderson was born in Philadelphia, July 21, 1820. She was the second daughter of John Cox of that city and Martha Lyman of Northampton,

Mass. The Lymans trace their lineage without a break to Alfred the Good of Old England.

Mr. Cox took Frances and her sister abroad, where they lived for ten years—the girls receiving the most thorough education of that time. After a brief courtship, the brilliant but frail James Pinckney Henderson married Frances Cox in October, 1839. He and his bride reached Galveston in January, 1840, and arrived in Austin the same month while Congress was in session.

They made San Augustine their first home, the young wife interesting herself in church and household affairs, while her husband built up a splendid law practice. He was elected first Governor of Texas in 1845. Mrs. Henderson never lived in Austin. The State was in turmoil over the disputed boundary between Texas and Mexico. Governor Henderson left his civil duties in the hands of Lieutenant Governor Horton, and took his place in the army. The Texans were in the front of the fighting, and Mrs. Henderson with her small daughters waited with other anxious hearts for news from the front. After the close of the war, Congress presented Governor Henderson with a handsome jeweled sword as a token of appreciation of his services. This sword is now in the possession of his grandson, the scion of an old Austrian house.

After Governor Henderson's death in 1857 and before he took his seat in Congress, his family lived at their home in San Augustine, and later, at Marshall, but at the beginning of the Civil War, Mrs. Henderson took her children and went abroad, after seventeen years spent in Texas. Her people were Northern, his people were Southern. She could not take sides.

MRS. HENDERSON

From a Photograph Taken When She Was Living in Orange, N. J.

It was at this time that her eldest daughter, Fanny, who was a great toast in the capitals of Europe, married Baron Clemens von Preuschen, an officer in the Austrian army. Her husband died in 1903 with the title of general. The Baroness von Preuschen is still living at her beautiful home in Salzburg, Austria. She has three married sons; one, Baron Ernst von Preuschen, an officer in the Royal Guards at Vienna; the second, Baron Franz von Preuschen, an officer in the Austrian navy. This son was at one time the naval *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in Washington. The third son, Baron Clemens von Preuschen, has now retired and lives in Salzburg. Her second daughter, Julia, married Edward White Adams of Louisiana. They lived on his big sugar plantation, and Mrs. Henderson spent several winters with them. Her last days were spent in Orange, N. J., with this same daughter and her interesting family. Frances Cox Henderson died there of paralysis at the age of 77. The son of Julia Henderson Adams is now living in Fair Haven, Vt., and is named in full for his brilliant grandfather, James Pinckney Henderson Adams. He is an alumnus of Yale. Mrs. Julia Adams' only daughter, Mrs. Julia Henderson Geisler, lives in Oklahoma City, Okla. She inherits to a marked degree the talents of her grandmother, Frances Cox Henderson, whom the gods favored with beauty and far-reaching charm.

Another bit of fate indicative of the future greatness or the Lone Star State and of the women who are called to its highest official life is, that Mrs. Henderson was not Northern or Southern. She was cosmopolitan, a Philadelphian by birth, an European by education, and a Texan by choice.

MARTHA EVANS GINDRATT

WIFE OF GEORGE T. WOOD
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1847 TO 1849

Frances E. Willard once said, "Success does not happen. It is organized, pre-empted, captured by consecrated common sense."

Be that as it may, the overland trip that George T. Wood, the successful young business man, took from Cuthbert, Ga., to New York, in the year 1836—a difficult trip, since there were no railroads in those days—stopping en route at Milledgeville, Ga., there to meet and woo the attractive young chatelaine of an old colonial mansion, was the most successful trip of that young man's life. After lingering at Milledgeville long enough to secure the consent of Mrs. Gindratt to a marriage on his return, the young merchant went to the coast, and there took passage for New York to buy his winter stock of goods.

The summer was spent by the young widow dreaming of her hero lover; for even at that early age George T. Wood was quite a celebrity on account of the bravery he had shown during the Creek War in Alabama. It was no easy matter to prepare a trousseau at that time. There was spinning and weaving and sewing to be done, for this young woman, whose home stood on a land grant to one of her forefathers, who was a colonist under Oglethorpe, believed in looking to the ways of her household. She had slaves in plenty

to help; for Martha Gindratt, living in her old Southern home with its white-pillared galleries and the moist, sweet odors of the crepe myrtle and the jasmine blooms, was well supplied with this world's goods. She was an own cousin of the late Clemant A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga. In the soft moonlight she would walk down the mulberry-shaded avenues and dream of the new life amid new surroundings she was about to begin.

They were married in the fall of 1837, and went to Cuthbert to live. But at that time Texas was the El Dorado for the men of the older States. The romantic history of the Alamo and San Jacinto was known to the civilized world. The Woods decided to go to Texas. They took with them their slaves, merchandise, and the old family Bible, and embarked at Fort Gains, Ga., coming down the Chattanooga River to Apallachicola Bay, where they chartered the steamer Shamoy and sailed for Texas. They were caught in a tropical storm off New Orleans, and had a frightful experience, but their life work was ahead, and they landed in Galveston in 1839. Galveston at that time consisted of one hotel, where the sailors gathered to get their grog, and a few farm houses. Frequently a Spanish gold piece was picked up in the sand, where it had been dropped by one of Lafitte's overburdened pirates.

Here Mr. Wood left his wife in charge of his young step-son, David S. Gindratt, and a few of the trusted slaves. The other slaves he took with him and started for a trip up the Brazos, Colorado, and Trinity Rivers.

He explored the adjacent land, and selected the rich alluvial soil on the Trinity at the place now known as Point Blank. This then was truly the forest primeval, for no friend or foe was to be seen. The slaves were put to work, log cabins were built, the most pretentious being reserved for the master. The rich earth seemed to be waiting the hand of the settler to transform it into the land of peace and plenty. The women joined them, and amid all the hardships and terrors of pioneer settlers their home was formed. The every-day duties kept heart and hand busy, and personal discomforts were cheerfully endured.

George T. Wood was consecutively Representative, Senator and Governor. His capable wife did not accompany him to Austin, but remained at home and reared his two children, a girl and a boy, besides the daughter and two sons by her former marriage. Of these, her daughter, Mary Wood Albea, who is now living with a son, in Dallas, is the only one who survives.

Here at Point Blank, Mrs. Wood lived the typical life of the early settler's wife. She never came to the capital, for journeys in those days were not only tedious but dangerous; the wily savage had not yet made up his mind that the white men were really going to wrest from them their happy hunting grounds, and never spared a chance to take revenge of the solitary caravan, whether it was a lonely pack train or an unprotected carriage with women and children. So, while superintending the negroes and rearing the children, she, in numerous ways, encouraged her hus-

band in his political aspirations; he stayed at the Bullock Hotel in Austin while Governor of Texas, contenting himself with a visit now and then to his family down on the farm. Be it said to his credit that the State's financial affairs were rather depleted and funds for personal desires and State ambitions were set aside in accordance with his political slogan: "The debt must be paid; the honor of the State must stand without a blemish."

In the late '50s Martha Gindratt Wood was placed in death beside her husband in the plot known as the Wood Cemetery in San Jacinto County, and their unmarked graves were almost lost to the memory of man. Through the intervention of S. H. German, of Livingston, Texas, the Thirty-second Legislature appropriated the money to place a suitable monument over the grave of Governor Wood. Historians do not agree as to date of his death, and his family say the T in his name stands for Tyler, while Mr. German insists it is for Thomas. While a late note from Mr. E. A. Winkler of the University Library contained the following: "The Harrison Flag, a newspaper published at Marshall, on September 24, 1858, published a brief notice to the effect that George Travis Wood, Ex-Governor of Texas, died in Polk county September 6, 1858." Thus are some of the difficulties of exactness shown in writing about the less known wives of Texas Governors. At present not even a wooden slab shows that the faithful wife lies in the half-sunken grave by his side with only the whispering pines to sing her requiem.

MRS. PEASE

The First "Mistress of the Mansion"

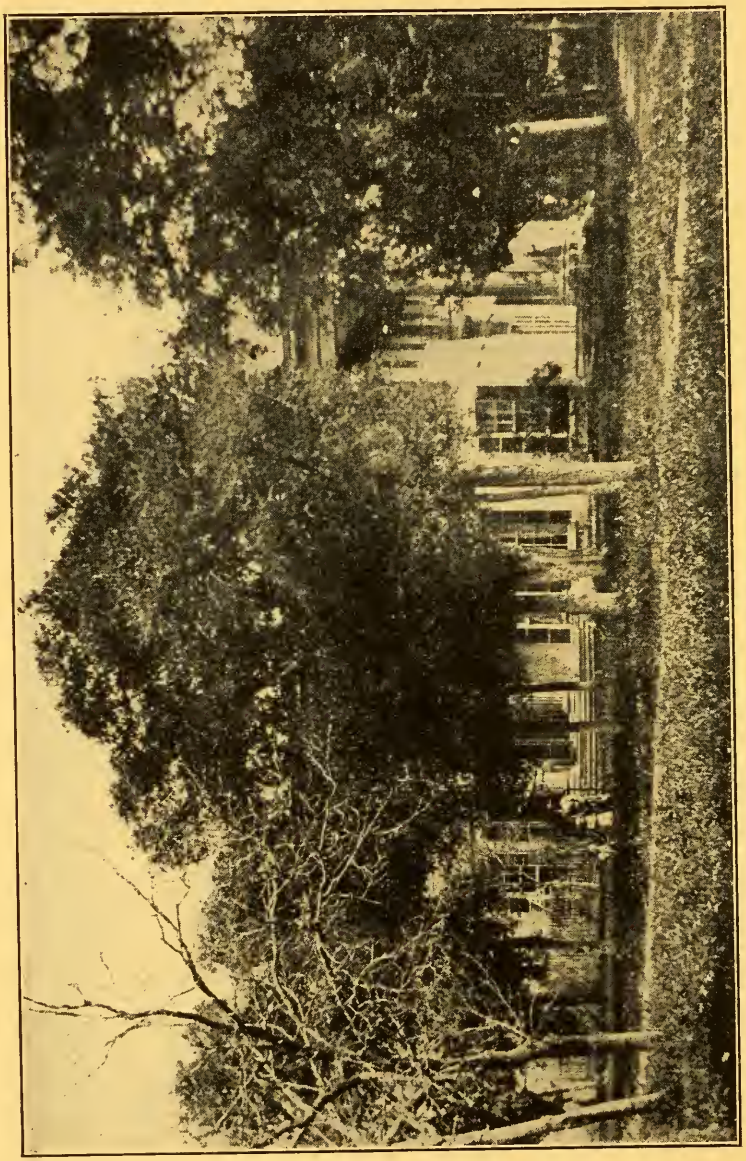
LUCADIA CHRISTIANA NILES

WIFE OF ELISHA M. PEASE
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1853 TO 1857, AND FROM 1867 TO 1869

Someone has aptly said, "Men love adventures, women love men." This must have been true in the early fifties, else why would a girl raised with the care and culture given to a daughter of an old New England household leave the home where her mother came as a bride and come to far-away Texas to cast her lot with the pioneers of the new State?

Straggling back from the town of Windsor, Conn., is the village of Poquonok, and the old homestead where Lucadia Niles was born is still occupied by a member of the Niles family, Henry Ladd. Not far away, at the Hartford Female Seminary, she was educated with all care and thoroughness given to an Eastern girl of that period. The principal of this school was Miss Catherine Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher.

Lucadia Niles was married to Elisha M. Pease in 1850, and came a bride to Texas in the same year. They were accompanied by Miss Pease, a sister, who was to be a companion for the young wife in her far-away Texas home. They settled at Brazoria, a flourishing place for that time. Mr. and Mrs. Pease bought their small but well-selected stock of household furniture in New York and had it shipped to Brazoria, for boats then came to that little port. Mrs. Pease had one of the most comfortably furnished houses in the



THE PEASE HOME, WOODLAWN,
Austin, Texas

town though it was only a small three-room cottage. The only two-story house in Brazoria at that time was occupied by Judge C. Townes, an uncle of Judge John C. Townes of Austin. In bad weather the streets were bog holes. The yards had no fences, and the weeds grew with rank luxuriousness up to the front door. Mrs. Pease, with the memory of the well-kept flower beds back in old Poquonok, set herself to clear the space in front of her home. This energy from the little Yankee new-comer was the cause of much merriment among the indolent Southern aristocrats.

Mrs. Pease had some shuck mats plaited and made for the future Governor to wipe his feet on. He laughingly told her she had better bring them inside, as some stray cow would eat them. She paid no attention, however, and next morning her mats had disappeared.

Mr. Pease ordered side-saddles for his wife and his sister, but the boat bringing them was lost in a Gulf storm, and these ladies had to do without. However, Mrs. Pease was the first lady in Brazoria, and probably in Texas, to have a carriage, a small old-fashioned coupé; but the elegant Mrs. Wharton and the wealthy Mrs. Townes did not scorn to borrow this carriage for special occasions. At other times, when the roads were impassable, all of the ladies rode horseback. At this time Brazoria did not have a church, so the different denominations held services from time to time in the courthouse. Now and then came a young Catholic priest, who, aside from his spiritual ministrations, gave much pleasure to the little com-

munity by teaching Latin and in other ways stimulating the hungry minds of the little colony.

When her husband was elected Governor of Texas, in 1853, the young couple sold all their furniture, as it was impracticable to bring it in ox wagons to the capital, and so they came with only their family silver. Governor Pease, his wife, and their small daughters, boarded with Mrs. Ward in a well-made, dormer-windowed cottage that stood where the Lewis Hancock home now stands. Later Colonel Ward was appointed consul to Panama, and Mrs. Pease took this opportunity to purchase from them some very desirable old mahogany furniture. After all these years some of that furniture adorns the Pease home on the Windsor road in Austin.

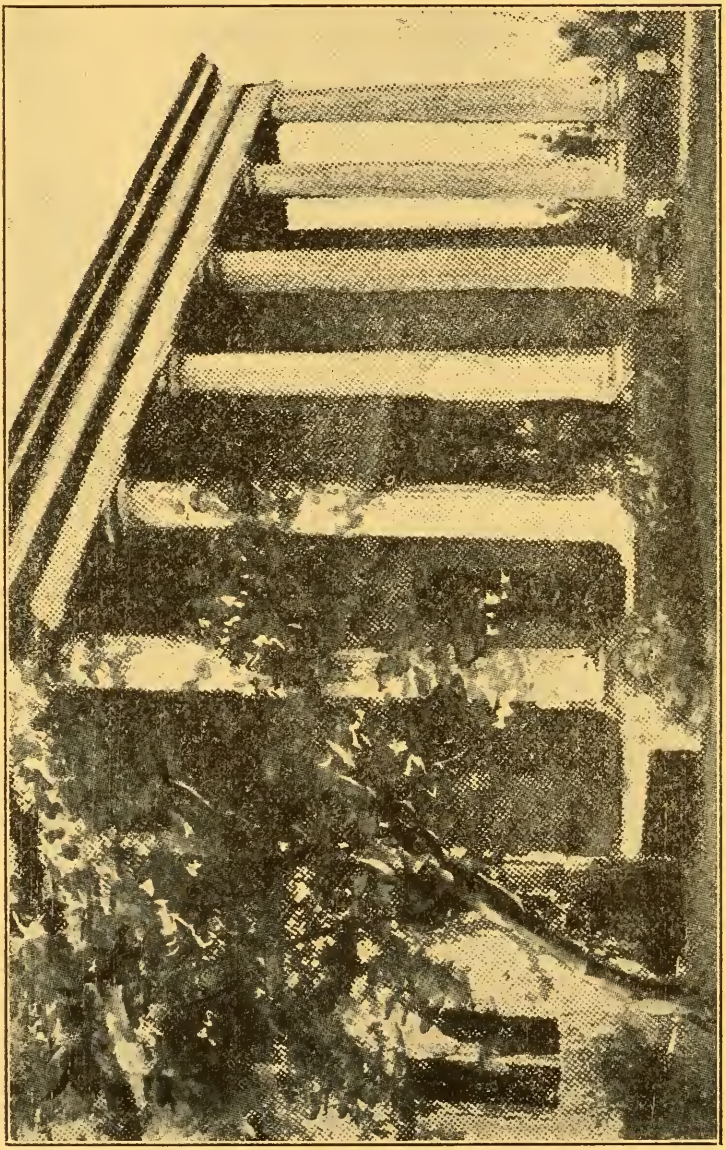
It was fortunate for Texas that Governor Pease, with his advanced ideas in philanthropy and his New England ideas of thrift, was at the helm when the $2,750,000 was paid for Indian claims.

The eleemosynary institutions were founded, the old Capitol was completed, and the Governor's mansion was to be built. The State wanted the mansion built where the land office now stands, but Governor and Mrs. Pease preferred the present site, with an east front. Accordingly the location was changed. Col. Abe Cook was the great contractor in those days. He built the mansion, and later the Pease home on the bluff west of Shoal Creek. Be it said to his credit the work is still good. The plaster in one room of the Pease home has stood for over fifty years, and the red cedar cornices are as good as when put there half

a century ago. This remark is made for the benefit of those who would say: "The old mansion is not worth repairing." This house, a colonial brick, is in such good taste that today it but needs the addition of two colonial wings to make it one of the best specimens of architecture in the State. May a loyal Texas never stand for a new mansion. Enlarge our dignified historic house if necessary, but let not the new-rich or the late-comer suggest tearing away our State buildings, around which hang the glamour and the dignity of our splendid pioneers.

Col. S. M. Swenson went to New York and bought the furniture, carpets, and hangings for the mansion, and while Mrs. Pease was visiting in the East, Governor Pease moved in, and all was in readiness for her return.

While Mrs. Peebles, a Texas friend, was her guest, Mrs. Pease planned and carried out one of the most striking entertainments ever held there. A stage was erected in the back parlor, footlights were arranged, and theatricals and tableaux delighted the audience. It is more than probable that the brilliant Florence West, the golden-haired Ellen Robinson, and the popular Eliza Chalmers (an aunt of Henry Chalmers Roberts, London editor of the *World's Work*) played leading parts. Afterwards the guests were invited to the dining-room, where the handsome table was weighted with the delicacies of the season. High cut glass standards held the sparkling jellies. Delicious custards were wonderfully attractive in pyramids of glass, while huge epergnes held the decorative fruits



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, 1855
The Site of Which Was Selected by Governor and Mrs. Pease

instead of the fine flowers of today. Amidst the throng moved Mrs. Pease, quiet and unassuming, but a woman of fine character. She had a few staunch friends, but held aloof from the masses, not so much from a feeling of superiority as from the natural diffidence of a New England character that is sufficient unto itself.

Mrs. Pease was a careful mother, and the dread of danger was never far from the woman of that time. Only a year before Indians had surprised and captured two children at play, where Mrs. Eugene Bremond's home now stands, using the picturesque bluff to the south as a defense in retreat.

Miss Julia Pease, the only surviving daughter, lives on the beautiful Pease estate west of Austin. She has rare executive ability and a dignified charm that reminds one very much of her gentle mother. Miss Pease is a Vassar graduate and has traveled extensively, and is prominent in the intellectual and social life of Austin.

Lucadia Niles Pease died on January 28, 1905, in Austin, and is at rest by the side of her husband and their daughters, Carrie and Annie, in beautiful Oakwood Cemetery.

MARGARET MOFFIETTE LEA

WIFE OF GENERAL HOUSTON
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1859 TO 1861

There never was hair like my mother's;
'Twas jet in a setting of gold,
Like midnight asleep, in rich masses,
With daylight awake on each fold.
"No wonder my father so loved you,"
I mused, looking up in her face;
For motherhood, freighted with trial,
Had not stolen her beauty and grace;
Her dress was the deepest of mourning,
And her hands were so waxen and white.
I thought of the pure snowy blossoms
That open their petals at night.
Then she told in tones like low music,
The story that measured her life,
Her girlhood, its beauties, its triumphs,
Ere the love crown had made her a wife.
She painted a picture so vivid
I fancy it dawned on my view
Of the evening my father first met her,
When the old life was lost in the new.
She told how her dress, white and spotless
And the curls of her dark flowing hair,
How her blue eyes, her fresh, simple beauty
Charmed his heart in a lifetime of snare.
She told me the scene of betrothal,
In a beauteous garden of flowers,

Of the lovely enchanted Bay City,
Where glided her girlhood's bright hours.
Then she pictured the eve of her bridal,
When, leaving behind every tie,
She followed her heart's chosen ruler
To dwell 'neath a far-distant sky,
Then my mother's sweet face kindled proudly
And she said, in a low earnest voice;
"When I married your father, my daughters,
Of the whole world I wedded my choice."

I cannot resist beginning this sketch with the beautiful word picture written by Nettie Houston Bringhurst, the poet daughter of Margaret Lea and Sam Houston.

Mrs. Margaret Stiles told me she went to the Houston inaugural ball. I said: "Please tell me about Mrs. Houston. How did she look? What did she have on?" "Pshaw! I did not look at her; I had heard so much about Sam Houston, I wanted to see him." She went on to tell how General Houston bowed over her hand and called her "lady" in that wonderful magnetic voice of his. Yet I could not understand how a woman as attractive as that poem pictured Mrs. Houston would not be good to look upon. Judge Terrell told me while he was writing his last article for the State Historical Society on the life of Houston that Margaret Lea had a wonderful influence on the "heathenish character of Sam," "that many a time he had heard General Houston stifle an oath so as not to displease her religious sensibilities."

MRS. SAM HOUSTON

Margaret Moffiette Lea was born in Marion, Ala., April 11, 1810, and was a descendant of one of the State's old and cultured families. Her early training was given her by her father, and later she entered Pleasant Valley Seminary, where she rapidly developed remarkable literary ability. That literary streak is as plainly developed in the Houston family as the prominent jaw and misshapen lip in the Hapsburg family. At an early age Margaret Lea joined the Baptist Church, and to the day of her death she was a devout member.

She was visiting in Mobile when she met Sam Houston, and her girlish fancy was captured by the romantic career of this attractive man. They were married at the home of her parents, May 9, 1840. Her girlish nature rose to meet the responsibilities of the man whose life was virtually dedicated to his State.

Mrs. Houston was a typical mother of "ye olden time," preferring the care of her increasing family and the abandon of an interesting book to the stress of social life. Yet so true is human nature—the Houston children were no better than the average children of today. I have heard it whispered that the smaller children would crawl under the table when the ladies of the time were "spending the day," and embryonic battles would sadly interfere with the dignified conversation of their elders. At one time mischievous Andrew actually crawled under the sofa of the mansion parlor and pinned together the skirts of Ellen Graham and Mollie Houston, who were fast girlhood friends.

Mrs. Houston, in her quiet way, was very hospitable, but her failing health was very much in evidence while her husband was Governor, and she withdrew more and more from the gayety that centers as naturally around the mansion as the honey bee around the clover. William Roger Houston was the only Governor's child ever born in the mansion, but many years later Mrs. Carpenter, daughter of Governor Ireland, gave birth to a son while living with her father in the mansion, though the dear little blue-eyed baby only lived a little while. One night while Mrs. Houston was giving Roger her undivided attention, a gay group of young people had gathered in the parlor. In the crowd were the Houston girls, Alice and Ellen Graham, whose father and General Houston were warm personal friends; Rosine Stern, now Mrs. Rosine Ryan of Houston, and Adele Atwood, who was soon to become Mrs. August Palm. Frolicsome Andrew was telling his father "he was going to be secesh," hoping to arouse an argument with his loyal parent, when Adele Atwood diverted attention by offering to show the girls how to "cut the pigeon wing," a proceeding as startling in that day and time as the turkey trot of today. The entire crowd, including General Houston, were enjoying themselves to the uttermost when Mrs. Houston appeared in the doorway and put an end to what in her opinion were indecorous proceedings.

In 1861, when the people of Texas by vote declared themselves out of the Union, Sam Houston, who remained loyal to the United States Government, could

not take the oath of office, so he took his family and went to Huntsville to live. His last official act was to send a message to the Legislature protesting against the injustice they had done him.

Though so strongly opposed to secession, he gave permission for his eldest son to join the Confederate Army. He died two years later, and the widowed mother took her children to Independence, where Baylor University was then located, to educate them in the Baptist faith.

When the dread yellow fever epidemic of 1867 broke out, Mrs. Houston proved that not all heroes are found on the battlefield, for she worked day and night at the bedside of the fever-stricken community. Her worn-out constitution was an easy victim, so when the disease entered her system, it was only a short time till she was taken. She died at the age of 48. She is buried at Independence.

Mrs. Houston was in every sense of the word a home-maker. She was a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, a wife whose deeply religious nature acted as a cog for the impetuosity of her brilliant husband.

Governor and Mrs. Sam Houston had eight children. Sam, the oldest, was a physician and married Lucy Anderson of Williamson County; Nannie E. married J. C. Morrow of Williamson County. Margaret Lea married W. L. Williamson of Washington County. Mary W. married J. S. Morrow of Abilene. Nettie Powers married the late Prof. W. L. Bringhurst of Corsicana, and his widow and her family are now living in San Antonio. Andrew Jackson first married Carrie Purnell of Austin, and after her death, Elizabeth Good of Dallas.

They now live in Beaumont. William Roger never married. Temple married and lived in Oklahoma, where he died. To a great extent he must have inherited the magnetism and the foibles of his wonderful father.

It has been my personal delight to know two of Mrs. Houston's children. In them I found the magnetism, the wit, the charm, and the eccentricity of their illustrious parents. At one time Nettie Houston Bringhurst, dressed in a pink calico evening gown trimmed with narrow white lawn ruffles, electrified an audience of 200 clever people in El Paso by an after-banquet speech.

One of my childhood recollections was to curl up on the huge sofa in Colonel Neill's library in Austin and listen to Temple Houston and Colonel Neill, a close friend of General Houston, for whom Andrew was named, discuss affairs of State. When Temple got very much interested he would pace the floor with swinging strides and run his beautifully shaped hand through his tawny locks that would be the envy of a football hero of today. The memory of his eloquence has never been clouded, to my mind, by the cultured oratory of the present day.

MARTHA EVANS

WIFE OF EDWARD CLARK,
GOVERNOR FROM 1861 TO 1861.

The war cloud had gathered. General Houston had done all he could to keep Texas in the Union. He refused to send delegates to the general convention held in Montgomery. But Texas had her own convention in 1861 in Austin. A committee of five was appointed to prepare an ordinance giving reasons for seceding. The convention adopted it, the people voted on it, and Texas had lined up, as she should, shoulder to shoulder with the Southern States. In this dread time brother was against brother, and lifelong friends became temporary foes. From a platform erected north of the Baptist Church, General Houston turned his battery of sarcasm on the then Lieutenant Governor Clark. Mrs. Harrell suggested to Mrs. Clark that they should return to their homes, but Mrs. Clark sat with flushed face and clinched hands and heard the bitter denunciation to an end.

On the fourth of March, General Houston had not yet signed fealty to the Confederate States, the old Capitol was crowded with a breathless, anxious crowd waiting to see what he would do. Governor Houston did not appear, and Lieutenant Governor Clark stepped forth and took the oath of office. That is how politics made Martha Melissa Evans a Governor's wife.

Texas had not yet been annexed when Dr. Evans and his family came from Tennessee to Texas. They

MRS. CLARK

made Marshall their home. The kind physician found plenty to occupy his hands and heart in the small village, then the most important settlement in North Texas.

Dr. Evans' oldest daughter, Melissa, was just budding into attractive womanhood. Lochinvar came in the form of the dashing young major of the Mexican War, and shortly after the war closed he married Melissa at the home of her parents in Marshall. Her husband successively held the offices of Representative, Senator and Secretary of State, and in 1859 was elected Lieutenant Governor.

Lieutenant Governor Clark bought a home in Austin about where Twelfth Street and Nueces cross. Governor and Mrs. Clark had three boys and one girl. She did not understand children, and I have heard the expression, "Four worse youngsters never lived." However, a great deal was expected of "Youngsters" in those days. At the time Mrs. Clark was living in the mansion, she was a woman of no unusual beauty except for her suit of beautiful hair, which was always brushed back from her smooth, white forehead, and teeth that rivaled the pearls in the mouth of the princess in the fairy tale. These, with her gentle manners, made her a most companionable woman, large, sweet, and genuine.

She was somewhat overshadowed in the feminine official life by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Clark. On the night of the inaugural ball, some one was congratulating the elder Mrs. Clark on her son's accession to the governorship of Texas. She made a low courtesy and said: "It is natural to have governors in my family.

The dress I have on now was worn at my father's inaugural ball in Georgia, later at my husband's inaugural ball in the same State, and now I am wearing it at my son's inaugural ball in Texas." Then she gave her head a little toss, "Oh, no; it is nothing new to have governors in our family."

In 1856, the Baptist Church in Austin had fifteen members, and only a very few more when Mrs. Clark was at the mansion in 1861. Mrs. Clark was a devout member of the Baptist Church, belonging to that branch termed "hard shells." She and Mrs. Joe Harrell, Sr., were devoted friends, and when in the stress of those uneasy and unsettled times, Mrs. Clark left her own home to take up her residence at the mansion, she left a counterpane she was doing for Mrs. Harrell in the loom.

After the Civil War, Governor Clark and his family returned to Marshall, where he and Mrs. Clark died. A son, John E. Clark, is still living in Marshall, and W. J. Evans, a brother of Mrs. Clark, is now holding a position in the State Land Office.

ADELE BARRON

WIFE OF F. R. LUBBOCK
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1861 TO 1863

Frank Lubbock and the beautiful Creole girl, Adele Barron, were married in New Orleans, February 5, 1835. The bride was a slip of a girl just past sixteen, and Frank Lubbock, a youth who had not reached twenty. The little girl bride had the soft voice of the far South, and added to this a decided foreign accent, for she learned to speak English from her boy lover. Her mother, Laura Bringier, was a wealthy planter's daughter, and her father, N. A. Barron, Jr., was a prominent cotton and sugar dealer. They spoke French exclusively in their home. Adele looked like her father, who was a Parisian. She had grey eyes with shadowy lashes and light brown hair. She was a good musician and used her full, rich voice very effectively. Her nature was cheerful and light-hearted, and with this was the inherent fondness of the Creole for gayety; also the wonderful talent of the Creole cook, whose marvelous concoctions in the culinary line have made her world-famous.

In May, after they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Lubbock were called to Charleston to the bedside of his dying mother. In the stress of sorrow and sickness, the beautiful young wife won all hearts by her unaffected and affable manners.

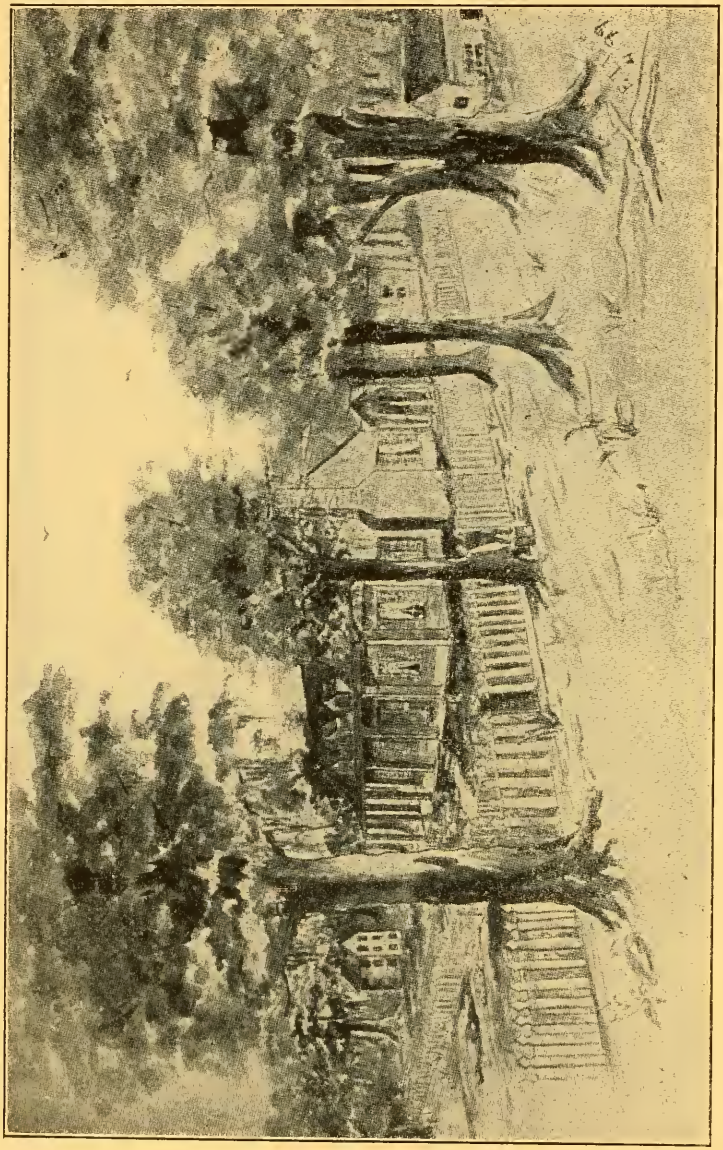
In the late summer, while returning to New Orleans, the stage coach was overturned and Mrs. Lub-

MRS. ADELE BARRON LUBBOCK

bock sustained injuries from which she never entirely recovered. A few months in those eventful days made many business changes, so early in 1836, the happy young couple decided to come to Texas. They were passengers on the schooner Corollo, and among the thirty passengers was John W. Dancy, who was to take an active part in early Texas history. They landed in Quintana after a stormy voyage in 1836. Mr. and Mrs. Lubbock lived in one of the first clapboard shanties ever built in Houston. Lumber in those days was sawed by hand, and cost $150 per thousand feet. At that time the bed they slept on was made by driving forked sticks in the ground and laying poles across. Clapboards were used for slats to support the mattress. A gray moss mattress on this sufficed until their furniture arrived from New Orleans.

Adele Lubbock was one of the belles at the first San Jacinto ball given in Houston in 1837, dancing in the same set with General Houston. An interesting description of that ball, copied from "The Ladies' Messenger," was published in the "Lubbock Memoirs."

While Mr. Lubbock was electioneering for the office of Lieutenant Governor in 1857, Mrs. Lubbock, who was traveling from place to place with him, was taken very ill. The physician, at whose home they were fortunately stopping, forbade her to travel further. She took some medicine and retired. About midnight she awoke and seemed much better. She urged her husband to go on to the next place, notwithstanding the rough roads. This he did, saying long afterward: "I had in truth and in fact a helpmate, God bless her."



LUBBOCK HOMESTEAD ON SIM'S BAYOU
Six Miles From Houston

The time spent at the ranch farm, six miles from Houston on Sims' Bayou, which Mr. Lubbock bought for seventy-five cents an acre, was splendid training for her eventful life. In the early '50s a craze swept over Texas for fancy poultry raising. The Lubbocks invested heavily in Asiatic stock, but even then, Mr. Lubbock was too much of a politician and Mrs. Lubbock too hospitable a hostess to make money out of chickens and eggs that it was so easy to give away. Then they tried camel raising, with but little more success. In this home Mrs. Adele Looscan, of Houston, often visited as a child, and even then she noticed the methodical exactitude of Mrs. Lubbock's household. Every detail was carried out in such a way that there never seemed a jar in the household machinery. Mrs. Looscan says: "How well I remember the young negro girls busy at work polishing brass door knobs and the brass balls on which Mrs. Lubbock's bedstead rested, one or two of the women engaged in the simplest of needlework hemming towels or sheets, sometimes with a half-grown one taking lessons in overcasting; all under the eye and directions of the mistress of the household." Mrs. Lubbock was very fond of children, and made this home particularly pleasant to them. In this country home were many guests, but scarcely a week went by without some child forming part of the happy family.

In 1861, when the result of the gubernatorial election reached Mr. and Mrs. Lubbock, they were together in Bastrop. They started at once for Austin over the well traveled road, following the windings of the Col-

GOVERNOR AND MRS. ADELE BARRON LUBBOCK

orado valley with the misty hills in the distance. When they reached Austin, they went at once to the executive mansion. They brought four servants with them, two well-trained girls for housework and two men to care for the horses.

The mansion was then the finest residence in Austin, excepting Governor Pease's home and the residence of Mrs. J. H. Raymond, and it was the first and last executive residence built by the State. The President's house, on the east side of the avenue, where St. Mary's Academy now stands, was the work of the republic.

Of those times in Austin Governor Lubbock wrote:

"At an early day we had a 'levee' for the Legislature, and all the citizens were invited. It was a jam, and everything was served in profusion. We never dined alone, invariably having from two to a dozen members with us, so that during the session every Senator and Representative had been at our table once or oftener. Although we were then in war, provisions were plentiful and cheap, as was horse feed. I may mention, for instance, that turkeys that winter could be had for fifty cents each, and barley, most excellent horse feed, for twenty to twenty-five cents per bushel."

It seems beaux were the scarcest commodity, for, as a rule, only cripples and old men were at home to play the gallant to the charming girls.

In the summer of 1862, Mrs. Looscan, her oldest daughter, and the school girl Adele, came overland to Austin to visit Mrs. Lubbock at the mansion. The terrible drought had made a scarcity of edibles in the

neighborhood, but the painstaking chatelaine of the mansion bought fowls and vegetables from the mountaineers some twenty miles away, striving in every way possible to provide as bountiful a table as she deemed necessary for the Governor's friends.

Adele Barron Lubbock was a staunch Roman Catholic, and without pushing her views on anyone, was loyal to her faith. Her beautiful character had attracted the admiration of many, and it is said more girl babies of the period were named for her than for any other woman ever in Texas. Mrs. Steiner was a warm friend, and Adele Steiner Burleson cemented the friendship. Whether these baby Adeles appreciated the beauty of the character for whom they were named, or whether Mrs. Lubbock's friends were above the average in personality, be it said to the credit of all that each baby girl has grown into magnificent womanhood, and has so beautifully fulfilled her mission in life that the babeless godmother must look down with infinite love and feel that she did not live in vain.

Mrs. Adele Looscan, of Houston, whose mother was like a sister to the young Creole bride, was the first child in Texas named for Adele Barron Lubbock. Mrs. Adele Looscan in that graceful style of hers, wrote to me:

"A more lovely Christian woman never graced a home, and none of a higher ideal of conjugal fidelity ever lived. She would no doubt have considered herself guilty of an unpardonable sin had she not been at home when her husband came from his business. One feature of Mrs. Lubbock's character was her dis-

position to find excuse for faulty conduct. She would never blame a person from hearsay, and even where proof was strong of guilt her generous nature sought for the reason in hereditary influence, for which the offender plainly was not responsible."

Judge Terrell was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Adele Barron Lubbock as a woman, as a hostess, and as a wife. He once said to me:

"I do not see how Frank could ever be satisfied to marry another woman, after living for nearly fifty years with Adele Lubbock."

Thus did the little Creole girl from New Orleans intertwine her life and her personality with the history of Texas, and with the characters of the people with whom she came in contact; a life and a personality that formed a general fascination for all who knew her.

SUSIE ELLEN TAYLOR

WIFE OF PENDLETON MURRAH
GOVERNOR FROM 1863 TO 1865

In tragic life, God wot
No villain need be:
Passions spin the plot.
—George Meredith.

About the time George Meredith was writing his great poem, "Modern Love," in England, almost the identical plot was being re-enacted by the husband and wife whose lives are so tragically intertwined in this biography. In Meredith's great sonnet sequence the story begins with wedded life. The tragedy of Mrs. Murrah's life began on her wedding night.

Guests had come from far and near. The old country home near Marshall, Texas, was a blaze of light. Happy couples were promenading, and their shadows cast fantastic silhouettes on the broad galleries where rifts of light showed the white teeth and shining eyes of the curious negro slaves, as they watched the "white folks' doin's." Over and above all was the penetrating odor of the honeysuckle and the climbing roses, for the late Indian summer had not yet given way to the frosts of the winter. It was the evening of October the sixth, in eighteen hundred and fifty. All was light and love and laughter, for on this night the fair young daughter of the house was to wed Pendleton Murrah, the clever young lawyer.

The last notes of the fiddles had died on the air. The tired guests were being shown to their various rooms. The carriages had long since disappeared down the shadowy driveway, but the mellow laugh of some frolicsome beau was now and then borne over the night air, mingled with the distant trills of the mocking birds. Old Parson Job Taylor had dropped off to sleep while chuckling over the unusually large fee that the young groom had slipped in his open palm. The girlish bride had long since gone to her room, worn out with the frolicsome dances of the night, followed by a giggling set of girlhood friends. At last, alone, she awaits the young husband who does not come. The lights are all out, but in the parlor, lighted only by the silvery moonbeams, sits the impatient groom—alone, forgotten. Whether it was one of those terrible practical jokes that sometimes mar a life, or whether in the confusion of the late hour and the departing guests it was an oversight, I could not learn. Only this, Pendleton Murrah beneath his calm exterior, had a terrible temper and a sensitive pride which never forgave the seeming neglect. Twice he started to mount his horse and ride away; instead, he waited with a white, set face, and in the morning took his bride away. The tender lover was a stern, dignified husband, and to the end, "Each sucked a secret, and each wore a mask."

How do I know this? Probably none of us would ever have known it, for Mrs. Murrah did not wear her heart on her sleeve. She was gay, lovable and attractive. Mrs. Joe Steiner was her intimate friend, a sufficient guarantee of a beautiful character. Mrs.

Murrah graced the mansion entertainments, and did all in her power to make Governor Murrah's regime a successful one. One cold winter night, when the drizzling sleet was wrapping Austin in its coarse mantle, a cry of "Fire, Fire," rang out on the midnight air; the mansion was on fire. A huge log had rolled from the fireplace in the library and fallen between the sunken bricks. When discovered the room was in flames. Mrs. Murrah was quite sick at the time. Governor Murrah wrapped a quilt around her, and took her out the back door, carried her across the street and laid her on Mrs. Harrell's bed. Here the dainty, pretty little woman moaned, after her husband went back to the mansion. "He called me, 'My dear.'" In her weak, nervous condition the seal came from her lips, and the heart-hungry wife told the young mother with her babe at the breast the story I have told you.

Susie Ellen Taylor was born in Pendleton, South Carolina. She inherited a great deal of the pride that belongs to the native South Carolinian.

Living with them in the mansion was the beautiful niece of Governor Murrah, and a nephew, not her brother. Miss Murrah, with the passion for attention that some attractive women have, gave her cousin every encouragement, but when he proposed marriage, she tossed her curly head and laughed at him. That night he stayed out later than usual. The household was awakened by a pistol shot. The poor fellow's body was thrown across the bed of the little north room, and the blood-spattered wall told the story. Many ghost-stories are connected with the mansion,

and they all cluster around the little room whose boyish occupant had rather die than live to lose his first and only love.

Those were dark days in Austin. Cruel war was beginning to make itself felt even this far south. The Confederacy had struggled against fearful odds and lost. Lee surrendered in April; General Kirby Smith, for Texas, one month later. Hard times, lawlessness, lack of heart, made Pendleton Murrah give up the fight his position required. Leaving behind the woman who was his wife in name only, he fled to Mexico, where in a few months he died.

Left alone, Mrs. Murrah went back to Marshall, leaving the mansion in the care of Uncle Jake and Aunt Malvina Fontaine. Melissa Fontaine, now Melissa Gordon, was about sixteen years of age. She and Mrs. Murrah's house girl wanted to sleep in the mansion "just like white folks," but Melissa, who has lived to have many friends among the white people on account of her sterling qualities, confessed "We couldn't sleep much 'cause we could hear the moans across the hall, and we couldn't forget the said, beautiful face of po' Miss Susie when she told us good-bye."

MRS. HAMILTON

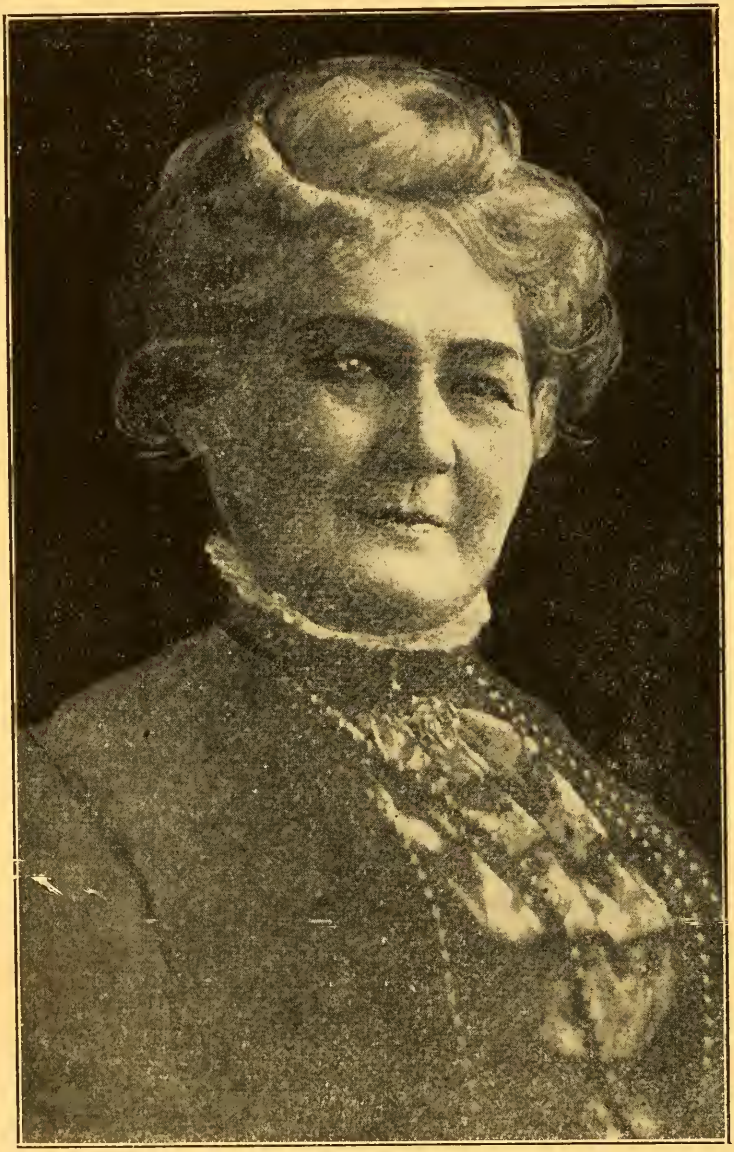
MARY JANE BOWEN

WIFE OF A. J. HAMILTON
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1865 TO 1866

Mary Jane Bowen was born in South Carolina, in August of 1826. She moved with her parents to Mississippi and then to Alabama while yet a child. At Weldona, Ala., Judge John David Bowen took as law partner a young and talented man, A. J. Hamilton. What was more natural for the young law partner than to fall in love and to marry the attractive Mary Jane? They were married September 3, 1843.

The young couple came to Texas and lived two years at La Grange, but in the spring of 1849, they came to Austin. Their first home in Austin was a double log cabin. Part of that old house is still incorporated in the Baron homestead, and is standing at 301 East Fifth Street. A celebrated old Scotch character, Mrs. Grumbles, lived next door. In 1853 Colonel Hamilton bought the old Webb place, one and one-half miles southeast from the present capitol. This house was a mansion in its day. It was built by Colonel Webb's slaves and superintended by the owner. The only other house between that and Austin was the former home of the French ambassador, M. Saligny, but later bought by Dr. Robertson, whose daughter, Miss Lillie, still lives in this interesting place.

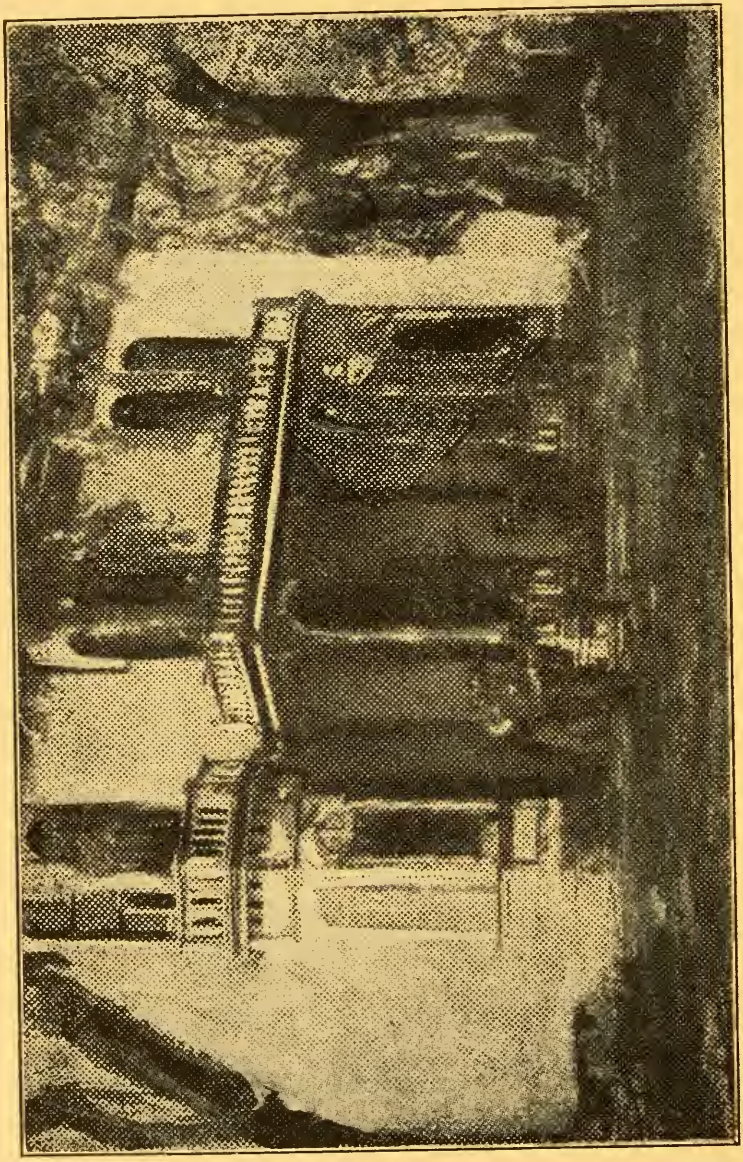
The Webb place, where the Hamiltons lived so long, is well worth a description. The entire front consisted of two huge rooms opening into each other. Back



MRS. JOHN L. HAYNES
The "Chum" of Mrs. Hamilton

of this was the 25-foot square dining-room, where many a merry feast was held. On either side of and opening into the dining-room were two wings, where the bed-rooms were located. The roof was gabled and a large gallery extended across the entire front of the house. The blinds were solid with loop holes through which to fire at the Indians when besieged. As was the custom in those days, the kitchen was some distance from the house, but so nimble-footed were the servants that the waffles were always hot and the amber-colored coffee was always steaming. This place was situated in a stately grove of live oaks surrounded by a 200-acre farm.

It was here, in the days that tried men's souls, that many of the Northern army officers loved to linger, cheered by the hospitality of the home and entertained by the winsome daughters of the house, whose personal charm and beauty are well known to the older social world of Austin. One memorable night a happy house party was snowbound, an unusual thing for Austin. In the crowd were Miss Joe Atwood, later Mrs. Durst; Eliza Chalmers, the famous belle; petite Mary Smith, now Mrs. Mary Mitchell; the brilliant Bettie Lindsey, and Mary and Bettie Hamilton, possessed with rare intellectuality. The beaux of the party were General Harney, Col. Scott Anderson, Col. Wood, Col. Hord, Frank Hamilton, and one or two others. Col. Hamilton flatly refused to permit the men to take the girls to a ball to which they were all going, so the fun ran high until late bed time. Mrs. Hamilton made beds in the parlor for the men. They



THE HAMILTON HOMESTEAD

insisted that Col. Hamilton join them. Then for an hour or two they amused themselves writing a poem, which is still extant, pitying Col. Wood because he could not take Miss Chalmers to the ball. They told how he came through the snow in the Government ambulance drawn by four white mules with outriders —called it a coach drawn by four white rabbits—and each stanza wound up with the refrain, "Oh, Wood, Oh, Wood, why did you do it?"

Not very long ago someone was commenting on the brilliant women who were at that time girls, and Mrs. Laura P. Duval said:

"That generation of clever women owed it to their association with brilliant men, whose bright minds stimulated their own to steady growth; such men as generally form the nucleus of a new country—soldiers of fortune, army officers, civil engineers, young lawyers and ambitious politicians."

At that time Amelia Barr, the famous novelist, was living in Austin, and to eke out her slender income, and help her invalid husband and her five children, Mary, Lillie, Alice, Calvin, and Alexander, she taught a select school. Fortunate, indeed, were her pupils. Mrs. Mills, then Mary Hamilton, told me: "Mrs. Barr laid the foundation for reading that I shall never cease to be grateful for. She taught us history, biography and along with our geography the folklore of nations." Mrs. Barr is yet held in high esteem by her pupils of that day, among whom were Mollie Peck, now Mrs. James Hart; Mary Hamilton, who later married W. W. Mills, who was for many years consul to Mexico;

MRS. E. B. TURNER

The Grandmother of Mrs. David Houston of Washington, D. C., and a Warm Personal Friend of Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Haynes

Bettie Elgin, Mrs. Gilmer of Waco, Jennie Coen of Austin, Jodie Eastland, wife of General Johnston of Marble Falls, and mother of Mrs. Badger of Austin; Kate Stone, Mrs. Boyce, and Sarah Sawyer, now Mrs. Stone, both of Austin.

Mary Jane Hamilton inherited the splendid executive ability of her lawyer father. It was she who saw to the management of the farm, making her home an ideal rendezvous, loved by husband and children and admired by all who knew her. Mrs. Hamilton is a woman of wonderful courage and determination. In the terrible days when her husband was a prisoner of war, when a price was on his head, she made the home as happy for the little children as later she made the mansion glad to the home-sick Northern people whose interests were cast with ours in those trying days. Mrs. Hamilton, at the time I write, is a tall, striking looking woman with a wealth of dark hair surrounding a face whose sparkling dark eyes are the most attractive feature. She is a woman who dresses well, preferring fine materials to showy display.

Her regime in the mansion was a happy one, notwithstanding the troublesome times. Governor and Mrs. Hamilton kept five servants, and were ready at any time to welcome the stranger to their board. The levees of those days were rather formal and a little strained whenever the Northern and Southern element mixed. However, Mrs. Hamilton, with a world of tact, did much to overcome this bitter feeling. Among her intimate friends who helped to form the social life of the time were Mesdames E. B. Turner, John L. Haynes, Thomas Duval, Ed DeNormandie, E. M. Pease,

Blocker, Swisher, and J. H. Raymond. Besides these women and their husbands, General and Mrs. Custer, who were at the Blind Institute, and the brilliant Judge Lindsey, all helped to make a gay coterie that added to the life of the mansion. Many a night Governor and Mrs. Hamilton danced the Virginia reel in the colonial hall with all of their children in the same set, besides outside guests. At other times they engaged in the "scientific game of euchre" or lingered over a prolonged game of old-fashioned whist.

When Mrs. Hamilton went into the mansion the bloodstains were yet on the walls of the "haunted room." Liza, an old family servant, refused to go down the back stairs. Mrs. Hamilton in her dignified way called Liza and said:

"Liza, you have too much sense to act in this way. Surely you are not afraid of the dead. It is only the living who can harm you."

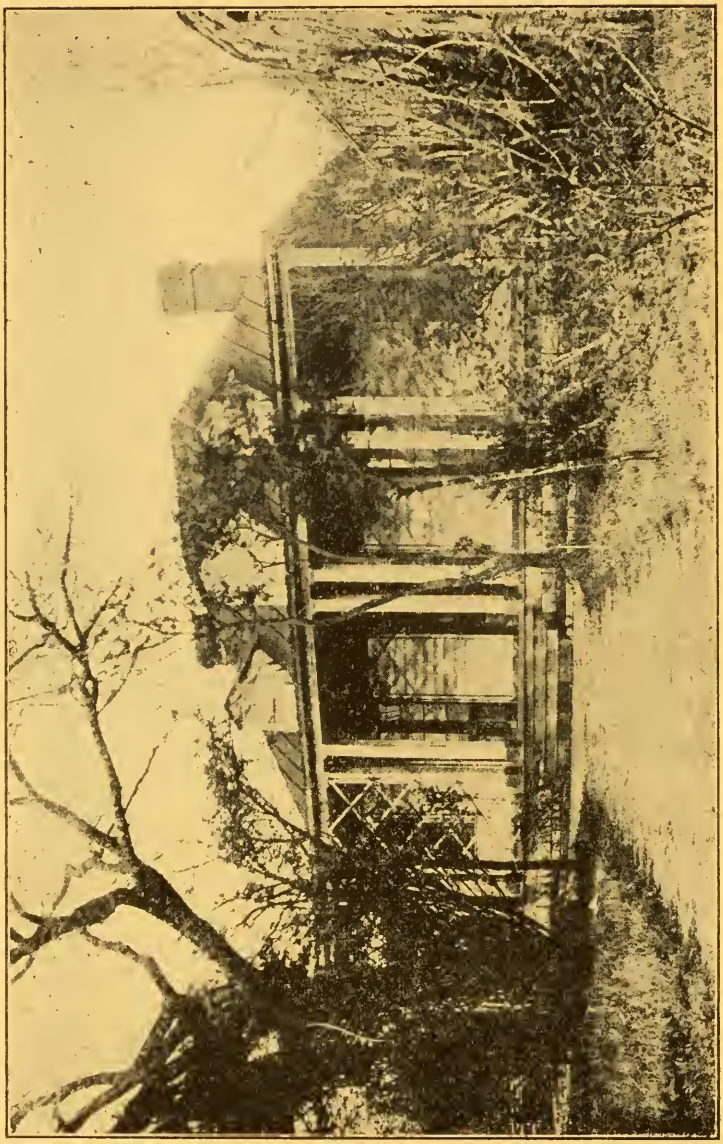
"No, Miss Mary, I'se not zactly afraid, but I has peculiarsome feeling down my backbone, and get cold in my stumick, whenever I go by that room."

The gruesomeness of that chamber extended its influence, for Mrs. Mills declared that often while she and a girl friend were chatting over the dying fire, the door knob would turn, then in a few seconds the door would open as if an unseen hand would try and then open the door. Considering the cold drafts that even now make us shiver in those huge unheated halls, it is quite easy for the unsuperstitious to find reliable causes for uncanny doings.

Bettie Hamilton, now Mrs. Woodburn, went off to

college from the mansion under the chaperonage of Governor Pease, who was taking his daughter Carrie east at the same time.

As the wife of a Provisional Governor of Texas, the life of Mrs. Hamilton had many a tempestuous day, but with a wisdom far beyond her years, and with the advice of her husband, who was ever loyal to his convictions, her administration in the mansion was a happy one. So strong is her personality that many friends of that time are the friends of today, while many who knew and loved her then have crossed the bar, for Mrs. Hamilton has exceeded the three score and ten that is our earthly allotment. Now at 86, she is like some graceful ship that has borne the brunt of many a trip but is lying calmly at anchor. She is living with her daughters, Mrs. Lillie Maloney and Mrs. Mills, at 406 West Fifth Street. In full possession of all of her faculties, she is often seen driving in her buggy on the streets of our capital city, a remarkable example of a splendid old age. Surrounded by her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, she is loved and revered by a host of friends, both of the old and of the new generation.



THE FRENCH EMBASSY OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

In This Historic Old Mansion Nearly Every Governor's Wife Has Been Entertained

ANNIE RATTAN

WIFE OF JAMES W. THROCKMORTON
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1866 TO 1867

If there was a woman in Texas who helped to make history, who bore every sacrifice uncomplainingly, who was steadfast at a time when it took heroic courage to be faithful, it was Annie Rattan Throckmorton. While Governor Throckmorton, beloved by all, was in the forefront of Texas politics, this wonderful wife, the mother of ten children, remained at home. Her nature was so full of love and faith and loyalty that her life was one long day of sacrifice; yet so brave and womanly was this faithful wife that she bore everything with the most wonderful courage and patience.

Annie Rattan was born at Carrollton, Illinois, March 5, 1828. She was the daughter of Thomas Rattan and and Gillian Hill Rattan. Her parents, soon after their marriage, moved from Georgia to Illinois. Her mother was a near relative to Georgia's famous statesman, Ben Hill. On her father's side she was descended from Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame. With the blood of such ancestry in her veins, it is no wonder she stood the pioneer days of Texas as she did.

Annie Rattan received a fairly good education for the day and time at Carrolton, her birthplace. But, better still, her education went on with the years. She was a broad and interested reader of newspapers and magazines which, while few in numbers, in those days

MRS. THROCKMORTON

were as carefully read and kept as our de luxe editions of today. She was married March 19, 1847, at the age of nineteen, to a distant relative, James W. Throckmorton, who had been living in Texas since his boyhood. They came to Texas as soon as married, making the trip, along with an older sister's family and some friends, in wagons. They located in Collin County on what is now known as the old Dysart place, and built their little log cabin as most settlers did. Her husband was a young physician, and, since the country was so thinly settled, very often when he made a professional call, he would be gone several days. Imagine how a young wife would suffer. She was the youngest of a family of sixteen and came from a well-populated town. She was desperately afraid, not only of the wild animals, but of the Indians, who were constantly visiting and moving about.

Very soon, Dr. Throckmorton built a room at her sister's, which was some distance away, and Mrs. Throckmorton stayed there until after the birth of her first child, after which she went back to their little log cabin, to remain there.

A picture comes to me of that time. Standing in the little door is a tall, strikingly handsome woman in the freshness of young motherhood. The morning sun lights up the red gold of her hair, which had the sheen that comes on ripened wheat. Her clear, deep blue eyes are resting on a little babe in its cradle. The color slowly fades from her pink and white complexion, for in the distance coming toward her is a tribe of Indians, dressed in all the gaudy finery of beads

and buckskin. True, she knew that Dr. Throckmorton was a loyal and honored friend of these Indians, but it took a brave heart indeed to stand there while the chief, a giant in statue, with feathers of his fantastic head-dress trailing on the ground, bent over her baby, took him up, and played with him. How her girlish blood ran cold, and how she suffered, God only can tell; for her husband was away, and the Indians knew it. Still she stood there with the halo around her head and smiled at the old chief. She dared not offend him in any way. Years afterward she said of that episode: "I thought I should die of fear and loathing, yet for the sake of peace it must be endured." The thought of that savage in his barbaric dress—the little cooing baby—the palefaced young mother wearing the smile of courage with her heart and brain of fire, would make a model for a statue of a "Pioneer Mother," and yet cold marble could never do it justice even though the hand that wielded the chisel had the touch of Angelo himself.

Another incident that shows the tender heart and natural motherhood of Annie Rattan Throckmorton is this: If the physician husband had a case that required a long and tedious treatment, he brought it home with him; because of the distances, he could not go and come so often. A little girl ten years of age, almost blind with an eye trouble, was brought home to be treated. At first she had to be in bed in a dark room, but she was nursed and ministered to by Mrs. Throckmorton, and was soon much better. After a month or two her parents came for her, and to their

surprise she refused to leave. She clung to Mrs. Throckmorton, with her arms around her neck, sobbing and almost screaming. The parents were amazed and hurt, but took her home. She grieved and cried so to go back to Mrs. Throckmorton that her eyes grew worse, and she had to be brought again for treatment. She remained almost a year in the Throckmorton home, and it was only through this fine woman's loving counsel and persuasion that she consented to go home at all. Yet her parents were kind and had a comfortable home.

At one time Mrs. Throckmorton's limited reading matter stood her in good stead. In the absence of other reading matter she read her husband's medical books until she became possessed of a keen knowledge of such things that were of vast assistance in rearing a large family. This is but another example of her nerve and poise under a trying ordeal. A little son jumped on a broken-off broom weed which went to the middle of the bottom of his foot and broke off, the wound closing over it. He was almost in convulsions when brought to his mother. She asked the negro man who had him in his arms if he could hold him; for after examining it, she found her boy in a serious condition and knew she must not wait for a physician. She got down a case of old medical instruments of her husband's, cut the foot open, removed the stick, and bound up the wound. She then sent for a doctor, who told her it was only her prompt act that had saved her child from lockjaw.

Mrs. Throckmorton spent every spare moment

reading that she might be well informed on the topics of the day, and be able to discuss them with the husband she idolized. It is a sad picture, her struggles to keep pace with the times that she might be as interesting to him when he came home as were the brilliant women of the social world in the gay capital at Austin. She even read dull Congressional Records while her husband was in Congress so as to write intelligently to him on the questions that were absorbing his mind. Her daughter Florence asked her one day, "Mother, how can you read that stupid thing?" She said, "I began it as a duty; now I find it necessary and really enjoy it." Thus it was; her pleasure and interest were always bound up in the things that were dearest to her husband. That he appreciated her beauty and worth is shown by the following story:

While at a large reception in Washington, Governor Throckmorton and colleagues were watching the interesting throng. The beauty of the evening went by. The friend said, "Is she not the most beautiful woman you ever saw?" Governor Throckmorton said "No, indeed, I was just thinking of a more beautiful one—my wife."

Mrs. Throckmorton lived to be quite old, dying in her home at McKinney, Collin County, Texas, October 30, 1895, outliving Governor Throckmorton two years.

This wonderful woman in youth was considered high-strung, but the hardships of pioneer days, the stress of raising to manhood and womanhood four boys and six girls, brought her to a mild and patient old age.

In a way, Mrs. Throckmorton was like the woman who lived in the shoe; besides her own large family, she raised a nephew of Governor Throckmorton's taking him at five years of age. Her husband's only sister lived with them five years, and two of his nieces virtually made it their home; besides a niece of Mrs. Throckmorton spent most of her girlhood in this hospitable home.

Annie Throckmorton's disposition was even and lovely—if anything, too utterly unselfish and self-sacrificing. She was religious without being fanatical, living rather than talking her religion. She never wore any jewelry save her brooch and wedding ring. She never entered into any public work. How could she? She never lived in the mansion. In fact her whole life was but the background for her successful husband's career; greater love hath no woman.

The four surviving children of Governor and Mrs. Throckmorton are Mrs. J. A. Barnett of San Antonio, Mrs. Zack Shirley and Mrs. R. W. Bennett of Austin, and James W. Throckmorton of Channing, Texas.

ANN ELIZABETH BRITTON

WIFE OF E. J. DAVIS
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1870 TO 1874

Living quietly in her home at 1437 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C., is Mrs. A. E. D. Smith, the subject of this sketch. While still retaining much of the vigor and magnetism of her youth, one can scarcely realize that this placid-browed, dark-eyed woman was at one time in the midst of the bitterest of the feeling which overspread Texas at the period when she was the mistress of the mansion.

Ann Elizabeth Britton was born April 9, 1838. She was educated at the Visitation Convent in Baltimore. Her father, Captain Forbes Britton, settled in Corpus Christi after the Mexican War, where he served under Generals Scott and Taylor. It was here, in 1858, that Ann Elizabeth Britton was married to Judge E. J. Davis, a lawyer at Brownsville, Texas, who was District Judge at that time for the lower Rio Grande Valley. The couple made the border town their home until the Civil War broke out. Needless to say, even at this time any man who remained loyal to the Union and lived in Texas had a hard time. Judge Davis went to New Orleans and raised a regiment among the Northern refugees in that historic old town. For bravery in service he was promoted to be a Brigadier General.

Mrs. Davis was a Southerner, born and bred. Her twin brother fought beside other relatives in the Con-

federate Army, but she was loyal to her husband. "As long as my husband chose the Northern side," she subsequently wrote me, "I was for him first and last, right or wrong."

General Davis was captured by the Confederates at Matamoras. His companion in arms, Captain Montgomery, was hung near Brownsville; his head was cut off, tied up in a cloth and sent to the interior of the State as a warning to show the Union people what would happen when they were captured.

The horrors of warfare certainly had their impression on Mrs. Davis. She wrote me long afterwards: "Mr. Montgomery was talking to me when the Confederates came and took him prisoner at the Commandant's house at Bagdad, across the river. He came there to see where my husband was just after he had been taken from the house." Mr. Montgomery's cruel death made a deep impression on the young wife. Through the influence of the United States consul, Mr. Pierce, and the Mexican authorities in Matamoras, where General Davis was captured, at Bagdad, his life was spared.

Mrs. Davis did not struggle to conciliate the popular prejudice; rather did she seem to delight in creating criticism. Yet she had strong friends, for she was attractive by nature and charming in her personality. She was especially kind to the young Northern preacher, Dr. E. B. Wright, who had cast his lot with ours. In those days anyone who came from north of Mason and Dixon's line was a "Carpetbagger" or "scalawag." The latter epithet, if possible, was a little more signifi-

MRS. DAVIS

cant of things left unsaid. Think of such opprobious names being hurled at the man who has long since become loved by all parties and all creeds!

Living in the mansion with the Davis family was Miss Mary Goodwin Hall, the niece of Governor Davis. She was the first bride of the historic old mansion. This wedding took place on the last day of January in 1872, and Mary Goodwin Hall became the wife of George T. Sampson, thus founding one of Austin's most prominent families. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Porter of the Presbyterian Church, the predecessors of Dr. Smoot. The beautiful young bride was dressed in a "going away" gown of brown silk. The young couple stood between the folding doors of the double parlors, and after the ceremony, took a wedding trip to New York, a trip of much more importance then than now. Texas at that time had only one thousand and seventy-eight miles of railroad in actual operation.

I have been told, and by no less an authority than our beloved Dr. E. B. Wright, that when General Grant refused to order out troops to support the government of Texas as vested in Governor Davis, his wife with snapping eyes and imperious manner ordered an old negro at the mansion to "Take that picture down," referring to a picture of General Grant, which occupied a place of honor in the hall. The old negro looked upon that as sacrilege, so he sputtered: "Lawd, missie, I ca-cyant." In her impulsive way, Mrs. Davis got up on a chair and jerked the picture down, then deliberately ground the heel of her French

slipper through it. This tradition, however, Mrs. Davis now declares to be without foundation.

While impetuous and high-strung, Mrs. Davis had a heart of pure gold. Just after her husband's death she left her beautiful home in the Tenth Ward, and in company with her young cousin, Bessie Millard, who is now Mrs. Tarlton of Hillsboro, was boarding at Mrs. McGowan's. One day Mrs. Davis found Lillie, the pretty young daughter of the house, in tears because she could not finish the dishes in time for the matinee. Mrs. Davis said: "Hush crying, child; go to the matinee, I'll do the dishes." She rolled up her sleeves and washed the dishes, other ladies offering to help her dry them when the situation was explained. Mrs. R. C. Walker, of Austin, one of these ladies, a true daughter of the South, told me she never spent a more pleasant hour in her life. Mrs. Davis was really an intellectual woman, and when she set out to do the entertaining, her audience was charmed.

Another incident of that time shows Mrs. Davis at her very best. In March of 1872 there came a tall beautiful girl, Jessie Davidson Rhea, to visit Austin. Mrs. Davis took a great fancy to her and entertained her frequently. She often loaned Jessie her fine saddle-horse as a special mark of favor. While in Austin, Jessie Rhea met, loved, and married the handsome William Earle Evans, who is a cousin of "Fighting Bob." Mr. Evans was a clerk in the Adjutant General's department. The position of Adjutant General was then held by Frank Britton, a nephew of Mrs. E. J. Davis.

The young couple set up housekeeping in a log house back of Dr. Lytton's where Mrs. Ed Bowen's home now is. This log cabin was a big old-time house with four large rooms and a big central hall. The walls were heavily plastered, cool in summer, warm in winter. A year had passed. Mrs. Davis was with her young friend. The Governor came over once or twice to see if she was ready to go home. There were no trained nurses or telephones in those days.

About 3 o'clock in the morning he stood in the doorway and Mrs. Davis smilingly said, "It is a baby girl, and I am ready now to go home." This dainty girl baby was Eulah Stanley Evans, now the wife of Dr. Seth Mabry Morris, of Galveston.

Of the living sons of Governor and Mrs. Davis, one graduated at West Point, and served four years in the army, but quit military life to go in the copper mining business in Mexico, where he is rapidly acquiring great wealth. Winters Davis, the other son, is a law partner with Judge James Goggin in El Paso. They have one of the finest practices in Southwest Texas.

MRS. COKE

MARY HORNE

WIFE OF RICHARD COKE
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1874 TO 1876

"Those were terrible times." These identical words were spoken to me on different occasions of this particular period by Mrs. Mary Mitchell, Mrs. L. J. Storey, and the late Judge A. W. Terrell. The negro troops of Governor Davis were parading in the streets of Austin, and a squad was in the basement of the old capitol, while the Travis Rifles were stationed in the Capitol grounds, and white soldiers paced the main floor of the Capitol. Governor Davis was in his private office. Coke was in the Hall of Representatives awaiting the result. There was not a man in Austin who was not armed, and some men had small arsenals in their offices or stores, ready to be brought forth at a moment's notice should the emergency arise.

Col. Ed Gurlee, of Waco, an ardent supporter of Coke, was with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell wanted to send the colored boy, Andy George, who later was a favored servant, and remembered in the will of Judge Terrell, on an errand. With the whites of his eyes rolled up, he begged to stay at home, saying:

"They will give me a gun and make me fight."

General Hardeman sent word to Governor Davis: "Let a negro fire a gun, and the next shot will not be at them, but aimed directly at your heart."

Cool, calm men did not know what the next hour

would bring forth. The telegram came from General Grant to Governor Davis: "Vacate. The Democrats are in power. We have had enough bloodshed." Then it was that Col. Ed Gurlee said with a sigh of relief: "I never thought the time would come when I would admire General Grant, but I do now," and other loyal Texans agreed heartily with his sentiments.

It was then, in the bitterness of defeat, that Mrs. Davis jerked Grant's picture from the wall and stamped on it.

Amid such scenes was born the Coke administration, and there entered the mansion a woman very different from her predecessor. Mrs. Coke was always a frail woman. Most of the time during which she was the first lady of Texas, she was a confirmed invalid, yet she tried in her gentle way to do her duty by her husband and her friends. She did not care for society nor the duties attendant thereupon, but her soft gayeties and human sympathies drew around her a coterie of most pleasant people.

A wedding which has been overlooked in the past in writeups of "The Mansion Weddings," was that of the widowed cousin of Governor Coke—a Mrs. Hook, who had lived with them at the mansion. This charming widow was married here to Gen. Jerome Robertson while her kinsman was Texas' chief executive. Mrs. Fannie C. Iglehart was an intimate friend of this bride, as well as of Governor and Mrs. Coke.

She was ever loyal to her husband, and he lavished his wealth upon her. While Senator Coke was in Congress, Mrs. Coke spent most of her time in their

palatial home in Waco, but made frequent trips to Washington to visit her husband. Four children were born to Senator and Mrs. Coke, none of whom are living now. She survived her husband several years, her brother, James Horne, of Waco, living with her. He was the only living member of her family, and inherited the Coke fortune.

Mary Evans Horne was born in Georgia, March 29, 1837. At the age of ten her family moved to Monroe County, Mississippi, but lived there only three years, when they decided to come to Texas. With the Rosses and other pioneers they settled in McLennan County, in 1850, when Waco was a little Indian village. The young lawyer, Richard Coke, fell in love with Miss Horne's foot and ankle. He saw her step in her carriage and made the remark: "I am going to marry that girl." It seemed the girl was willing, for they were married August 5, 1852. Mrs. Coke was a slender woman of medium size, and wore a No. 12 shoe. Her husband was very proud of her Cinderella-like foot, and bought her shoes himself until he died.

Mrs. Coke was a good Christian, and had a deep love for humanity. She was charitable, giving of her abundance to the poor and needy. Her chief ambition in life was to make a happy home for her husband and in this she was eminently successful.

Except for the two years in the mansion at Austin, Mrs. Coke spent nearly half a century in Waco. She died October 25, 1900.

MRS. HUBBARD

JANIE ROBERTS

WIFE OF RICHARD B. HUBBARD
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1876 TO 1879

Virginia may have the honor of being "Mother of Presidents," but to good old Georgia belongs the distinction of having been the "Mother of Texas' Governors' Wives."

The subject of this biography had a splendid and picturesque career. She was born in the land of the Oglethorpes; was educated and married in Texas, and attained to the highest honor that can come to a woman of our State—that of Mistress of the Mansion. Later she became "The Lady of the Palace" of far away Japan, where her husband, Richard Hubbard, was envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from our country, having been appointed by President Cleveland.

Charles Lamb says something to the effect that dwelling on genealogy makes one too much like a potato, best part underground. But it is a comfort to know that blood tells. This was plainly evident in the personal charm, the elegant graciousness and the dignified poise of Janie Roberts.

She was the daughter of Hon. Willis Roberts, formerly a member of the Georgia Senate and later a prominent planter of Smith County, Texas. From her father she inherited not only a brilliant mind but much of the inborn tact of the master politician.

Janie Roberts was born in Georgia, August 9, 1849.

She was married to Richard B. Hubbard, December 2, 1869, at the Roberts' home in Tyler. She died in Nikko, Japan, in 1897, about a year and a half after they arrived at the legation. Her body was embalmed and placed in an above-ground vault with all the pomp and courtesy that the Japanese government delights to bestow on any representative of "The Great Republic of the West." Here the body rested in the "Land of the Morning," until Governor Hubbard and family returned to their native country three years later, when it was laid away in the cemetery at Tyler.

After Mrs. Hubbard's death, her capable and attractive young stepdaughter, Rena Hubbard, who was at that time the wife of Fred Mansfield, secretary of the American legation, but is now Mrs. Merrill of Tyler, assumed the duties of hostess of the legation in Japan, and cared for the little four-year-old sister, Searcy, who is now Mrs. Hardy, of Dallas.

Every one who lived in Austin in the late seventies, remembers Mrs. Hubbard as an elegant and imposing hostess of the mansion, famed for her charming manners and her good looks. At that time she had only the little son, Charley, and her stepdaughter, Rena. On one occasion when Mrs. Hubbard was spending the day with Mrs. Andrew Neill, little Charley got his head caught between the walnut banister rails of the old stairway. Every one was frightened and worried except Mrs. Hubbard, who said in that quiet way of hers, "I knew Charley would do something which he ought not to do. I generally punish him before I leave home to assure his good behavior." It was afterward

learned that the punishment meted out to Charley consisted in standing him on a chair and switching his little stockinged legs. Let me further state for the benefit of anyone who might worry over it, if I left Charley in such a predicament, that his head was extricated without any injury to him or the banister rail. Mrs. Hubbard's two sons, of whom the older one was Charley, are resting beside her in the family burial ground at Tyler.

Mrs. Julia Searcy, of Dallas, for whom Mrs. Hubbard's daughter was named, whose husband was then on the bench in Austin, writes me: "My own friendship for Mrs. Hubbard began during the days of Governor Hubbard's administration as Governor of Texas, and I appreciate her and remember her as a very dear friend and as a woman of high and noble character. During this time she graced the mansion and fulfilled the duties of her position in an exceptionally endearing manner, and with a brilliancy and character rarely excelled."

It was during the Hubbard administration that Miss Nettie Houston was married to Major W. L. Bringhurst, who at that time was teaching in Austin at the Military Institute. Notwithstanding the cold, rainy spring night, about thirty guests gathered in the mansion parlors to witness the ceremony.

Nettie Houston, dressed in white satin, was given away by Governor Hubbard. Mrs. Hubbard was in mourning, so the attractive, golden-haired Fannie Campbell, now Mrs. T. S. Maxey, who was the bridesmaid, went in with Professor Bringhurst.

There were no florists in Austin at that time and it was almost impossible to get flowers in dead of winter. Mrs. Maxey told me she borrowed the orange blossoms of a bride friend and trimmed her swell dress elaborately with them. Then she laughed heartily and said, "I was truly in bridal array."

Little Rena Hubbard sat on the stair and watched the ceremony near the double doors with childish curiosity.

The original write-up taken from The Democratic Statesman (Austin), March 15, 1877, is not only interesting as historical data, but is also a study in journalism.

"Major W. L. Bringhurst and Miss Nettie Power Houston were married Wednesday evening (March 1, 1877), at the Governor's Mansion, by Rev. Dr. Choplin. The family of Governor Hubbard and the attendant of the bride and groom were the only witnesses of the impressive ceremonial. There was singular propriety in having such a marriage celebrated in such a place. The daughter of Sam Houston, inheriting certainly the most poetical attributes of his genius, wedded to Texas by a thousand memories, could hardly begin the new life without the benediction of the commonwealth which Houston having protected and saved, ever owes a roof-tree to his children. Major Bringhurst is a Louisianian of faultless lineage and admirable taste and bearing. Properly the chief magistrate of Texas standing *in loco parentis* and representing the State, gave away the bride and tendered a feast worthy of the youthful pair and the memorable social event."

En route to Japan, when the very shores of this picturesque island were in view, the huge Pacific liner Tokio struck an uncharted coral reef and for a while it was feared all would go down, but a Japanese ship came to the rescue and all the passengers were saved. Whether this shock seriously affected Mrs. Hubbard's health or not, she was never very well after reaching Japan. Her life was very happy in the spacious and luxurious but not palatial American embassy in Tokio. She attended only two formal receptions after her presentation to the Empress. While it is not unusual for Texas womanhood to bow to royalty, and several of our women have represented this great Nation in foreign courts, still it is interesting to know and read about them. In Japan as the American ambassador is presented to the Mikado, a similar ceremony takes place between the Empress and "His Lady at the Palace." On this occasion, Mrs. Hubbard passed down the aisles of the palace bowing low three times. Then the Empress, a descendant of a long line of kings, in the palace of an empire older than Roman or Grecian dynasties, made a brief but earnest address to Mrs. Hubbard, who then bowed, made a short response, and slowly backed the full length of the reception room.

She attended a New Year's reception given by the Emperor and Empress, but the function she most enjoyed was the imperial chrysanthemum garden party in the palace grounds. It is said that there are no other gardens of the world that compare with the gardens of Japan. Here the shrubs cut in the fanciful

shape of bird, beast, and fowl; vines and tea houses; mimic cascades and waterfalls; native and gorgeous chrysanthemums make a veritable fairyland of beauty, while beyond are glimpses of the sea. Add to this, the artistic dressing of the Japanese royal household, and distinguished guests, the blazing gold of the naval and military attaches, and the exquisite gowns of the foreign representatives; and there is no wonder this scene was ineffably stamped on the mind of the beautiful Texas woman who reveled in loveliness.

Mrs. Hubbard was a woman of the highest type; by her culture, her charm and her social ideals, she endeared herself to all who came in contact with her.

There is a deep regret in the hearts of Texas women that Mrs. Hubbard did not live to bring back from the land of the Mikado her impressions of the Flowery Kingdom.

FRANCES WICKLIFF EDWARDS

WIFE OF O. M. ROBERTS
GOVERNOR OR TEXAS FROM 1879 TO 1883

The parents of Frances Wickliff Edwards were Scotch-English, and the intermingled blood of these forebears was easily traceable in the pretty, fresh-looking girl with brown hair and eyes, who was born March 4, 1819, in the Greenville District of South Carolina, and who was afterward to become the wife of a Governor of Texas, when the State was in its transitive period.

The parents of Frances Wickliff Edwards were Peter Edwards and Mary Salmon, who were married in the Greenville District. They had six daughters but no son. Their daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, Frances, Hariet, Mary and Eliza. These daughters married respectively men named Kirkley, Rhea, Roberts, Dean, Mullins, and Barber.

This genealogy was written by Governor Roberts on the back of one of the photographs here used and given to Mrs. Josephine Gribble of Hyde Park, whose mother was first cousin to Frances Edwards. This portrait was made while Mrs. Roberts was in the mansion. The other picture taken many years earlier, was made from one in the possession of Mrs. Fannie Spain, a daughter of Mrs. Roberts, now living in Austin.

When Frances Edwards was quite young her parents

MRS. FRANCES EDWARDS ROBERTS

moved to Ashville, Alabama, and there on the 12th of December, 1837, she was married to Oran M. Roberts. If Frances Edwards Roberts had one characteristic more marked than another it was plain common sense. This with a deeply religious nature made her an excellent type for a pioneer Texan.

In 1841, O. M. Roberts and family moved to San Augustine, at that time one of the flourishing towns of Texas, where he began the practice of law. For many years they lived on their plantation on the Patroon River, only a few miles from San Augustine, but in Shelby County.

During the Civil War, Mrs. Roberts did the weaving for four soldiers. She could not card on account of asthma. Like many an early Texan, she was very fond of coffee, and could not bear the mixture of rye and barley, so universally used as a substitute for coffee in war times. At that time luxuries were not only high but scarce. Her husband secured a sack of coffee at Houston and took it to her at their home in Tyler, urging her to be very economical with it, as it was probably all he could get till the war was over. At this time Mrs. Roberts had fitted up a small house on the adjacent lot as a temporary hospital for members of the Old Alcalde's regiment—the Eleventh Texas Infantry. Here she nursed the sick and homesick soldiers, and, it is said, they drank more of that precious sack of coffee than did their generous nurse.

In 1879 Governor and Mrs. Roberts entered the mansion as the official head of the State. At this time Texas had about recovered from her war debts and

MRS. FRANCES EDWARDS ROBERTS
From the Favorite Photograph of Governor Roberts

was now to enter a period of prosperity. Educational institutions and the new State Capitol were to be planned for and started, and a great deal of the bitterness of the reconstruction days was forgotten in this altruistic era.

Mrs. Roberts' introduction to Austin society was spent in supervising the preparations for a big levee to be given the Legislature. Pigs, chickens, turkeys, salads, cakes, and pies galore took the place of the dainty sandwich or refreshing ice of today. Coffee was made and served by the gallon and the doors of the hospitable old mansion were thrown wide to the public—such was the democracy of the Roberts regime.

One of the legislators of the time remarked: "Mrs. Roberts is rather plain and I don't know how I will like her." After he attended the first levee he was heard to say, "Old Mrs. Roberts will do. I never ate such a supper."

Mrs. Roberts was not a society woman, and two ladies of Austin's smart set were shocked to find the Governor's wife calmly gathering turnip greens from the mansion patch when they went to call. Mrs. Roberts was not in the least abashed; after wiping her hands on her blue-checked apron, she was her own natural self. Not only these visitors, but all of Austin, learned to admire Mrs. Roberts' sterling qualities after they knew her better.

She made the mansion an extremely homey place. The back parlor was converted into a bedroom; for every constituent who came to Austin felt a perfect right to visit them. Many of the prominent educators

of the day gathered in Governor Roberts' study, now the library, to discuss matters of State-wide interest. Among these were Judge Gould and Ashbel Smith. Judge Reagan was a frequent visitor. General Benivedes was a guest in this hospitable home. After he returned to Mexico he sent Mrs. Roberts some handsome onyx table ornaments and a cage of parrots.

It was at this time that Elizabeth Ney, the famous sculptor, paid her first visit to Austin, and was a guest at the mansion. Mrs. Roberts was too decidedly a woman of the old school to admire the radical views of the cosmopolitan Miss Ney.

It was while Mrs. Roberts was the first lady of Texas that the old Capitol burned, and so many valuable papers were lost to the State. The few water-soaked and blackened pictures that were saved from the fire were then taken up to the mansion. Later these pictures were the *bete noir* of several good housekeepers, and the way they were treated by later Governors' wives is a study in character by itself. She entertained in the old-time way with "levees" for the Legislature, and gave a smiling welcome to the "Storm parties" that were fashionable among the younger set of that period.

She was a woman of strong character, and had an exalted notion of what was right. Just after the war when her husband was harassed by financial difficulties, she urged him to sell the home so that all debts might be honestly settled. That their fortune was restored is due as much to her good management as to Governor Roberts' ability.

Mrs. Roberts died November 27, 1883. Mrs. Rebecca Fisher, a warm personal friend, was with Governor and Mrs. Roberts at her death. Her funeral was one of the most impressive ever held in Austin; besides numerous and costly floral emblems, the entire law class of the University of Texas acted as an honorary escort, marching on either side of the hearse.

Governor and Mrs. Roberts reared seven children to manhood and womanhood. Of these there are now two survivors—Mrs. Fannie Spain and Oran Roberts, who are now living in Austin.

ANNE MARIA PENN

WIFE OF GOVERNOR JOHN IRELAND
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1883 TO 1887

There are members of this family whose motto is, "The Democratic party, the Methodist Church and the Penn family." Mrs. Ireland did not care for political parties, nor did she share the ambitions of her brainy husband, but in her own quiet way she was always loyal to her church and to her family. She was a devout Methodist from the days of her childhood, and adhered to the tenets of her faith with all the strength of her convictions.

At one time the Confederate Veterans were being entertained at the mansion. One of the waiters left. Mrs. Ireland put on her apron and helped to serve the bountiful refreshments. When some one commented that this was beneath her dignity, she replied: "That is what I would do in my own home if the emergency arose."

Beautiful Rosalie, the young daughter, was the life of the mansion. After supper one evening a party of young people had gathered in the parlor, and Rosalie played a spirited waltz. The company paired off to dance in the roomy hall, when Mrs. Ireland went to Rosalie and said: "Stop playing; if they dance, it will be elsewhere, not in my house." With that she turned the key in the piano and slipped it in her pocket.

She did not come to Austin for her husband's in-

auguration, but remained at the hospitable old home in Seguin. Mrs. Rebecca Fisher, a warm personal friend, wrote and urged her to come, but added, "If you do not, I will represent you in the grand march." Mrs. Ireland promptly replied: "If you represent me, you will stay at home; that is what I am doing." Yet Mrs. Ireland had many warm personal friends. Mrs. Fisher said to me a short while ago with a glow of enthusiasm on her fine old face: "The world does not know the good that woman did while she was in the mansion. I have seen her get in her buggy and distribute basket after basket of provisions to the poor and needy. Dispensing charity was a real pleasure to this Governor's wife." Pure in spirit, in harmony with God, her life ran on like some great river, free from the turmoil or traffic along its course. If she failed to enter into the ambitions of her husband's life, it was because she could not see her duty in that way.

It was while Mrs. Ireland was in the mansion, that the cornerstone of our big granite capitol was laid. At the formal social functions at the mansion, Mrs. Ireland was ably assisted by Governor Ireland's daughter, Matilda Carpenter, known to her girlhood friends as "Tillie." Mr. Carpenter was Governor Ireland's private secretary, and it was while they were living with Governor and Mrs. Ireland in the mansion that a beautiful blue-eyed baby was born to them, the second baby born in the mansion; but this dear little one lived only a short while. People of that day speak with enthusiasm of the elegant entertainments, purified to conform with Mrs. Ireland's ideas,

MRS. IRELAND

and yet distinguished by unfailing good taste, in which Mrs. Carpenter always displayed admirable tact and good judgment as a hostess.

Rosalie Ireland was another happy bride, who was married in the mansion. She left the mansion on September 18, 1884. Her husband, E. S. Hurt, was a prominent young man who was at the time attending the University. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Goodwin, the beloved pastor of the Methodist Church in Austin. The beautiful Goodwin girls were great friends of the Irelands, and were always included in the entertainments at the mansion. One of them is now Mrs. H. C. Carter of San Antonio.

A strange instance of how fate blends the lives of people is shown in this administration. Dr. W. Shapard, a warm friend of Governor and Mrs. Ireland, was appointed superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Austin at that time. Dr. Shapard's daughter, Emma, is now Mrs. Stedman of Austin, the stepmother of the beautiful young wife of Ireland Graves, grandson of the Governor.

Annie Maria Ireland was the daughter of Columbus and Frances Rives Penn and was born in Henry County, Virginia, July 7, 1833. Mr. Penn and his family left Virginia and en route to Texas, spent a few years in Mississippi. It was here Anne Maria Penn and Mary McKay became warm friends. Long years after Anne Maria Penn was to preside over the mansion as the wife of Governor John Ireland. Mary McKay, still later was to visit the mansion as

an honored guest while her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Campbell was the first lady of Texas.

The Penn family came to Texas in 1855, and settled at Ruterville, Fayette County. It was here in 1857, she married John Ireland. The young couple first made their home in Seguin, where the husband and Andrew Neil were law partners. It was here in this rambling old Southern home that Mrs. Ireland was at her best. Not only were the doors open to the great men of the State and Nation and a wide circle of friends, but the poor and needy were encouraged,, and often financially assisted to go forth to meet life's problems.

When the Civil War broke out, John Ireland mustered a company of volunteers from Guadalupe County and went to the protection of the coast. Mrs. Ireland took her children and went where she could be near him. She was a splendid nurse to many a sick and wounded soldier. She took a delight in dispensing provisions and medicine furnished by her husband. Governor Ireland was very well off in this world's goods and encouraged his wife in her charities. She specially delighted in helping struggling young people of either sex. While living with her grandson, Ireland Graves, in his student days, she often sat for a whole afternoon darning socks for boys who were far from home and mother. She had a sympathetic heart, and a strong mind, not devoid of humor. Her influence over more than one of the University boys helped to make better men of them.

Four children were born to John Ireland and Anne

Maria Ireland. Mary, the eldest, was the mother of Ireland Graves of Austin. Rosalie's children now alive, are Mrs. J. G. Wilcox, of Austin, and Elbridge Hurt, who is seeking health beneath the sunny skies at Silver City, New Mexico; and Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter, Mrs. Lipscomb, who are at Wharton. George Carpenter is in Houston and Mrs. Carpenter's son, Pat Ireland, of Dallas, was legally adopted by Governor and Mrs. Ireland and took his grandfather's name.

Mrs. Ireland died at Austin, Sunday morning, May 28, 1911, and her remains were taken to Seguin for burial. The flag was at half mast on the State Capitol out of respect for this Governor's wife, who had nearly reached her seventy-eighth milestone. Memorial services were held in Austin churches, and beautiful tributes were paid her Christian character both by the press and by the clergy of Texas.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

MRS. ROSS

ELIZABETH DOROTHY TINSLEY

WIFE OF GOVERNOR L. S. ROSS
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1887 TO 1891

Elizabeth Dorothy Tinsley is another native born Georgian, who became a Texas Governor's wife. She was born in Augusta in 1847, and received her education in the home under a governess. Her father was a physician and planter, and was the son of a well-known Georgia family. Mr. Tinsley moved to Waco when Elizabeth was a small child. Here this bonny girl, a real Irish type of beauty, was reared to womanhood. It was here that Lawrence Sullivan Ross, the lawyer, Indian fighter, and pioneer citizen, wooed her and married her in 1862. They had been married only a few weeks when her young husband left to join the army. His career in the Civil War, which the waiting, anxious young wife followed with keen axiety, is history. Many years later the New Orleans Picayune, in a long article, had this to say of him: "Under the leadership of Ross, Texas' brigade embellished the history of the war with its exploits upon many a battlefield, from the commencement of the struggle until the Confederate banner was furled at Gainesville, Alabama." He rose from the rank of a major to be a brigadier general; in civil life from Sheriff of McLennan County to be Senator and member of the Constitutional Convention, and then to be Governor of the State of Texas.

A more popular man never entered Austin to as-

MISS FLORINE ROSS

sume the duties of Chief Executive. His family was feted and toasted as none had been up to that time. The delayed train which brought Governor Ross and family besides numerous friends and followers from Waco, did not reach town till nearly 1 o'clock a. m.; yet enthusiastic admirers, the Austin Grays and others withstood the nipping January air to be on hand to do them honor. When the train at last pulled slowly in, a multitude of voices bade them welcome, and cheer after cheer rang out in true Texas style. The Governor and his family were borne in state behind a handsome team of four black horses to the Driskill Hotel, where apartments were ready for them. General and Mrs. Ross were accompanied from Waco by Mrs. R. B. Parrott, Mrs. Rotan, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Florine Ross, the debutante daughter of the house, and Jennie Ross, a niece; Misses Mary Thompson Cameron and Bertie Aycock.

The Ross inaugural reception was held in the spacious Driskill, where the rich draperies and furnishings were a fine background for the tasteful decorations and the handsome gowns worn by the ladies. At the ball Mrs. Ross wore a heavy black silk, en traine and trimmed in jet ornaments. An elaborate supper was a feature of the evening, but so great was the crowd that by the time the official family, the out-of-town guests and distinguished visitors had partaken of boned turkey and other delicacies, it was broad day, and the smiling Austin hosts and hostesses went supperless or rather breakfastless, to bed.

Mrs. Ross was a true helpmeet to her husband, who

has been known to say that she had frequently made friends for him—in a political way—that he could not reach. She was his confidante and adviser. While she was devoted to her children, she never allowed them to displace her first deep affection for her husband.

Governor and Mrs. Ross had eight children, five of whom are now living: Mrs. Florine Ross Harrington, of Kingsville, Mrs. Bessie Ross Clark, of Fort Worth, Harvey B. Ross, of Waco, Dr. Frank R. Ross, of Houston, and Judge N. P. Ross, of Andrews.

Handsome Lawrence Ross, who was quite a beau during the Ross administration, later married petite Mollie Duffield. For a while they made their home at Harlingen. Lawrence Ross died in 1914.

The home life in the mansion while Mrs. Ross was there was extremely pleasant. She entertained in a sensible, unostentatious way, but with a family of young people, who were encouraged to gather their friends about them, the old house rang with music, laughter and song.

Mrs. Ross acted as hostess for the State at the dedication of the big granite Capitol. Here, under the dome of one of the Union's greatest State houses, was given undoubtedly the most elaborate reception and ball that any Governor's wife has ever graced. It was of international importance, and Old Mexico sent eminent sons, Santos Benavides and Enrique E. Mexia, with greetings. The famous Gilmore's band made music in one wing of the Capitol, while the dreaming music of the Mexican National band drifted over the heads of the assembled multitude in the other wing.

Governor and Mrs. Ross led the grand march. Mrs. Ross was gowned in black lace over moire antique with jet trimmings and ruby ornaments. Among the many handsomely gowned women some stood out like jewels in rare settings, among whom were Mesdames Carl Drake, Walter Bremond, Will Tobin, Mollie E. Moore Davis, Charles Morse, C. E. Anderson, John Maxey, E. M. House, A. W. Terrell, J. T. Trezevant, and Mrs. Anna Hearne. Miss Florine Ross wore a train dress of blue moire silk and pink tulle, draped with lilies of the vally, decolleté, diamond ornaments. Among the beautiful belles were Miss Nellie McCollum, Leak, of Dallas, Julia Nalle, the beautiful Wooten girls, Alice Dowell, Sallie White, of Gonzales, Kate and Carter Hendricks, Jennie Duffield, Pearl Hardy, Derie and Bernie Smith, Helen Grant, Hallie Bryan, Eva Saylor, Verna Gorham, and Sallie Searight, who was at that time sponsor of the Houston Light Guards. Many of these girls are now the mothers of equally charming daughters, and so the world moves on.

When Governor Ross left the mansion, he was given charge of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Bryan. Mrs. Ross died in Bryan only a short while after Governor Ross, and they are laid side by side in the cemetery at Waco.

MRS. HOGG

SARAH STINSON

WIFE OF JAMES S. HOGG
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1891 TO 1895

Mrs. Hogg was the daughter of J. A. Stinson and Ann West, of Georgia. She was born in that State and came with her parents to Texas in 1860. She was a pupil of Prof. M. H. Looney in the town of Gilmer. Like the young girls of that period, she was married early, and in 1874 became the wife of James S. Hogg. They lived for short periods in Quitman, Mineola, and Tyler.

In 1886, Governor Hogg was elected Attorney General of Texas, and Mrs. Hogg came with him to live in Austin. She was a most modest and refined little gentlewoman, and endeared herself to many Austin people.

In 1891, when Governor Hogg went into the mansion, the place was about as bare and comfortless as a home could be. There were no stoves in the huge halls, and the fireplaces, though piled with blazing logs, could not warm the house. Here our native born Governor, his frail wife and the four romping children set up a regime of whole-souled hospitality. The newspapers made many comments on the name of the little ten-year-old daughter of the house, Ima Hogg. Intimate friends knew she was named by Governor Hogg after a favorite heroine in a novel. Then next day when some facetious friends made a play on the name, the Governor and Mrs. Hogg refused to change.

Will, Tom, and Mike, the sturdy sons of the house, were often questioned by the gullible public as to whether they were not named Ura or Harry.

Governor Hogg refused to let any duty, public or private, interfere with his Saturday evenings at home; and, in a way, these informal gatherings of old and young once a week at the mansion were as famous as Mrs. Sayers' Tuesday afternoons of a later period. At this time they would often begin with one or two tables of euchre, and as the guests would come in, would arrange more tables until often the front and back parlors were filled with a laughing, merry crowd. Mrs. Hogg was a splendid player, and invariably euchred Governor Hogg. "James Hogg, I've got you!" she would exultingly cry out. There were no prizes; the pleasure was in the zest of the game.

On one Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. House, Governor and Mrs. Hogg, Miss Fannie Andrews, a great favorite in the mansion, and some other guests, had a quiet game; afterwards the servant brought in as a rare treat, some champagne and angel food cake. Neither Mrs. Hogg nor "Aunt Fannie" took any wine. Governor Hogg said, "Look at them, Champagne is not strong enough. Bring in some of my 'Smith County' private brand." Later a friend sent Mrs. Hogg a case of delicious orange cider, which she was glad to substitute as a beverage even on State occasions. At these informal parties old Uncle Billy, whose fiddle had the soft, sweet cadences of the piney woods, which surrounded his home, often came in and played; then the entire party would form a Virginia reel or a

square dance, where "ladies to the right, gents to the left," did away with any form of ceremony.

Mrs. Hogg was absolutely true and reliable. With her group of lively and interesting youngsters, she was thoroughly just, and controlled them entirely by love. The little daughter could not realize how terribly her mother suffered with the headaches that came at least once a week and which completely prostrated her. It was at such times that her oldest son, then a slip of a boy, showed the tenderness and love which later developed the splendid business man and citizen. For hours he would stay with his mother, ministering to her pain, and then, with a white face, would slip away to some loved neighbor and say: "Can't you do something for her? I've failed and am so blue."

These headaches interfered sadly with formal functions at the mansion. Still Mrs. Hogg did her best when the occasion demanded. The big New Year receptions were probably the most delightful. There were no regular caterers in those days to turn the kitchen over to; but that ideal Southern cook, Eliza Hawkins—assisted, and, at times hindered by kindly neighbors—prepared all the refreshments for the mansion parties in the roomy old kitchen.

Two beautiful belles from East Texas, Sallie Starley and Edith Martin, one a decided blonde, the other a brunette with hair that rivaled the raven's wing, and laughing, curly-haired Annie McKay were conspicuous figures at these entertainments. Miss Starley affected a long curl which caressed her neck and fell to the band of her low-necked gown.

A University student who has since become one of Texas' most prominent corporation lawyers, was heard to remark: "The end of that curl looks like a pretty little bird's nest."

Governor Hogg encouraged the children in their love for pets. An eight-foot squirrel cage in the yard held besides the bunnies several kinds of animals. A white parrot and a green one were much loved and humored. One of them, Jane, would often climb up on the dining-room chairs to be fed by Tom or Mike, and even if a warning glance from Mrs. Hogg repressed the children, Governor Hogg would give her a choice bit of food. This same Jane has been known to slip underneath the table and nibble the patent leather shoes of the guests.

It is national history as to Governor Hogg's abhorrence of dress suits and accessories. However, after he had been persuaded to get the entire "paraphernalia," the wardrobe door happened to be left ajar. The children heard Jane chuckling and laughing in her weird fashion, and went to see what mischief she was in. There she was in the bottom of the wardrobe, and Governor Hogg's evening pumps were peeled. One day "Jane," who had been given absolute liberty, tired of political life, opened her wings, sailed up in the air, and as Governor Hogg said, "flew straight to Mexico."

Mrs. Hogg was charitable and did far more good in her unobtrusive way than the world ever knew. Toward the last of the administration she failed perceptibly and was taken to Pueblo, Colorado, for her health.

Before starting to Colorado, she rested for two weeks at the home of Mrs. Ella Dancy, now Mrs. Jos. Dibrell, of Seguin, who did everything in her power to help and strengthen her. Mrs. Hogg loved this restful place amid the cedar crowned hills, and once said to Mrs. Dancy, "If I knew how to conserve my strength as you do, I believe I could live fifty years. She died in Pueblo September 21, 1895, and was brought to Austin, where solemn obsequies were held at the gubernatorial mansion, and her remains were placed in Oakwood.

Miss Ima Hogg and Will and Mike Hogg live in Houston. Tom Hogg lives in Tyler. Will Hogg is one of the most popular men in Texas, a regent of the State University and a lawyer of unquestionable ability. Mike and Tom have grown from harum-scarum boys to men's estate and promise in every sense of the word to make good. Ima Hogg has all the culture that money and travel can give. She has her mother's gentleness and her father's democracy. She is a strong anti-suffragist, but does not spend her time working against the "feminists." In Houston part of her time is given to a class of young girls to whom she teaches music without money and without price. As Ima Hogg is a splendid musician, this is a great work. She has many friends in Austin and returns at intervals to be feted and toasted by them. When she comes, she spends most of her time with Mrs. Will Caswell.

MRS. CULBERSON AND DAUGHTER MARY

SALLY HARRISON

WIFE OF CHARLES A. CULBERSON
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1895 TO 1899

When Mrs. Culberson came to the mansion, she was probably the youngest woman who had ever filled this high position. Since she was an invalid, the Legislature appropriated forty dollars a month for a housekeeper, and the big, barny old mansion was thoroughly renovated and made more habitable by the introduction of Mrs. Culberson's handsome rugs, bric-a-bric, etc. She placed a cheerful, big base burner in those sepulchral halls and changed the temperature from arctic to temperate. She placed the silver plate on the Sam Houston bed that is now one of the most valued historical pieces of furniture in Texas.

Mrs. Culberson took absolutely no interest in the political life of the State. She chose her friends carefully for real worth and not to curry favor. Once when she was remonstrated with on the subject of not being more tactful she replied in that soft Southern voice, "What is the use? Charley is equal to that."

When Governor Culberson first came to the mansion his wife was not a stranger in Austin, as they had lived at the Driskill while her husband was Attorney General of the State, though during that time she frequently visited friends in San Antonio. Her first year in the mansion was very quiet, not only because she was frail, but on account of the recent death of her

father, Col. W. M. Harrison, of Jefferson, Texas. Her widowed mother and sister, Mrs. Schleuter, of Dallas, spent the greater part of the time with her. Together they were three typical gentlewomen of the South. While not what is termed a literary woman, Mrs. Culberson has a peculiarly discerning mind and is possessed of a good deal of that rare commodity, good common sense.

Just before the inaugural ball, Mrs. Culberson 'phoned to Mrs. T. S. Maxey in San Antonio, who was a warm personal friend, to be sure and come over. Mrs. Maxey said: "I can't come to the ball because I haven't anything to wear but my yellow satin." Mrs. Culberson said: "Maxey, that won't do, you must get a new dress." Mrs. Maxey promptly replied: "My yellow brocade is to the inaugural balls of the Governor what the Queen's coach is to her coronation—it is part of the program. I'll be wearing that dress to inaugural balls long after you have left the mansion." Mrs. Culberson laughed and said, "Well, come on anyway; it is you I want."

Mrs. Schleuter assumed many of the cares of State so as to relieve the frail young sister. Mrs. Culberson never returned calls, and rarely accepted invitations out of a small circle of intimate acquaintances. She was very fond of friends, and they were devoted to her. Loved, petted, and shielded from every care, Mrs. Culberson is what might be termed a spoiled woman, but she was conscientious in obligations as State hostess when the occasion demanded. Mrs. Culberson would be satisfied with nothing but the best.

At one time a State reception was under way. Mrs. Culberson was lying on the couch, while Mrs. Schleuter and Anna Brown, now Mrs. J. S. Myrick, were looking after the details. So particular was Mrs. Culberson that Mrs. Schleuter laughingly remarked, "Sally can lie there and keep forty women busy."

Mrs. Culberson was the first hostess in Austin to serve cranberry sauce in individual molds. Various were the trials and tribulations in bringing this dainty to the perfection required, but after many trials of professional cooks and painstaking housewives, it was the coup d'etat of a mansion dinner. Mrs. Culberson will plan to the minutest detail the menus for her successful luncheons and dinners and then have others work to see that everything is perfect. The luncheon is her ideal entertainment, but everything is formal, everything is beautiful, and everything is delicious. Among her friends in Austin who often enjoyed her hospitality, a few may be mentioned: Mesdames T. S. Maxey, Ed House, the beloved Mrs. Will Tobin, Rosine Ryan (now of Houston), R. C. Pollard, John Bremond, R. W. Finley, Allison Mayfield, Mabry, B. M. Worsham, R. M. Thompson, Lewis Hancock, J. S. Myrick, Sidney Mezes, and Oliver Brush, the three last named being young ladies at the time.

Mrs. Culberson has been heard to remark that the time spent in the mansion were the happiest years of her life. Senator Culberson tells with a great deal of amusement the following anecdote: "I was sitting on the broad gallery (I am quite sure at that time he did not say porch) of the mansion one sultry after-

noon, when a white-covered wagon, driven by a lank mountaineer, drove up to the front and stopped. The hungry-looking dog which followed, slipped panting in the shade of the wagon bed. The man asked, 'Be youse the Guvner?" "I am," I replied.

"Wa'll, I've never seed a Guvner, and I've never seed the house he lives in."

"Come in and see me and the house," Governor Culberson said, with that rare charm and courtesy that is all his own.

"I took him over the entire mansion, and he seemed to enjoy the trip. As we came out through the front hall, Mrs. Culberson and Mrs. Schleuter were there trying to get the breeze that generally makes that old hall delightful on the warmest day. I introduced the shirt-sleeved man, with his cowhide whip still in his hand to my wife and sister-in-law.

"The man rambled on out. On the front steps he paused to take a final survey. 'Wa'll, I like you Guvner, and this house is the purtiest one I ever seed, but (with an expression of great self-satisfaction) my wimmin folks can sure take the shine off of yourn.' "

Just as Mrs. Culberson was in mourning for her father when Governor Culberson entered upon his official duties as Texas' Chief Executive, so she was in black for her mother when they first entered Washington official life. Miss Anna Brown spent that winter with them in Washington and relieved her friend of the necessary social cares. After returning from President McKinley's inaugural ball, Mrs. Culberson asked her husband about it, when he replied: "It was

no better than your reception in Texas, Sally, just a little more of it."

Mrs. Culberson is a woman who is in every way reliable. She is not swayed by policy nor public opinion. She is particular to a fault. She does not tolerate shams. On her walls are found only a few pictures, but they are gems of art.

After Senator and Mrs. Culberson had been married eighteen years, the little daughter, Mary Harrison Culberson, was born. Senator Culberson wired friends in Texas when the baby came. "It is only a little old girl," but that baby girl is the idol of his heart, and if rumors are true, she is her father's own daughter, and may yet lead the democracy of suffragettes with the ability that Senator Culberson has led his own party. She insisted on wearing rompers until her mother demanded dresses, and when only twelve years old, she was clamoring to run her father's seven-passenger Pierce-Arrow.

Sally Harrison was born at Clarksville, Texas, and was educated in Ward's Seminary at Nashville. She was married to Charley Culberson in 1882 at Jefferson, Texas.

Senator and Mrs. Culberson and Mary are now living in Washington, but keep in close touch with their friends, often entertaining for the visiting Texans in Washington.

MRS. SAYERS

ORLENE WALTON

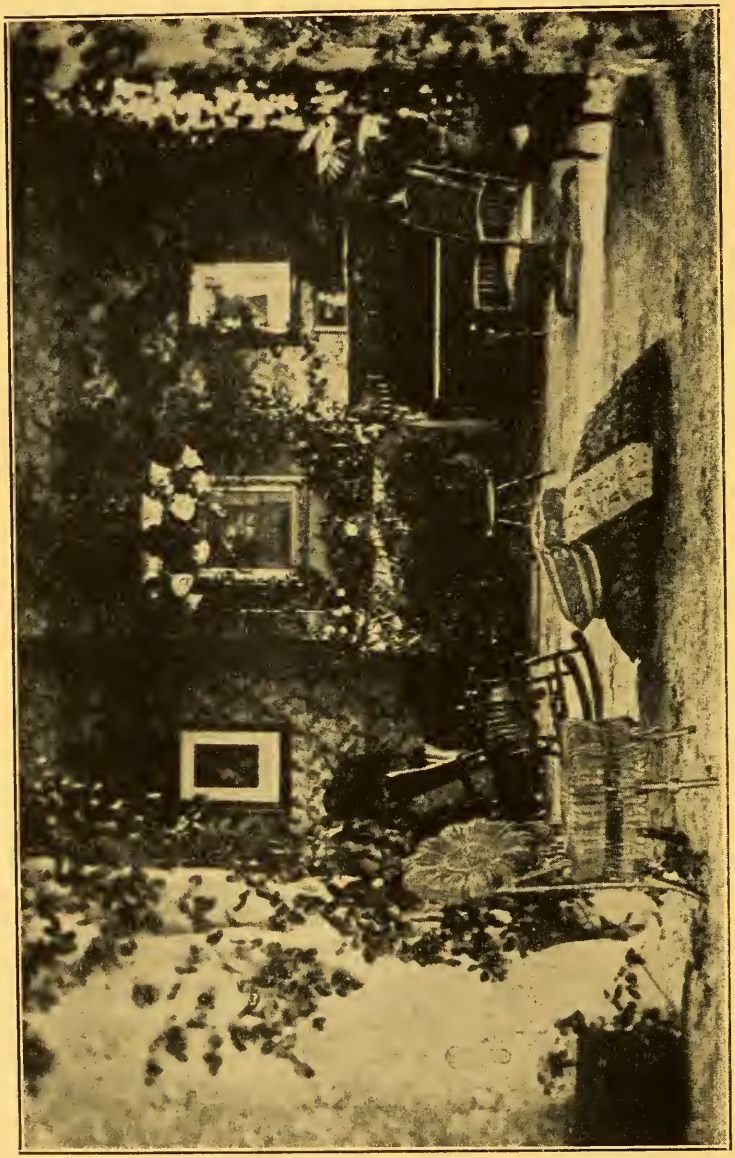
WIFE OF JOSEPH D. SAYERS
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1899 TO 1903

Some one has said, "In writing the biography of the living, especially of one whom you admire extravagantly, it is hard to get away from your own point of view."

As a woman's life really begins with marriage, we will take Orlene Walton in 1879, the year she was married to her widower brother-in-law, of whom years before Col. Tom Greene had written after witnessing him in his first battle: "Lieutenant Sayers during the whole day reminded me of a hero in the days of chivalry. He is a gallant, daring, dashing soldier, and is as cool in storm of grape shell as a veteran. I recommend him for promotion."

Their honeymoon was spent in Austin, where Joseph D. Sayers was Lieutenant Governor under Governor Hubbard. Soon afterwards they went to Washington, D. C., where Major Sayers was made chairman of the Appropriation Committee in the Congress of the United States, where he was to serve his country so long and so faithfully.

His official position brought his dainty and attractive young wife into the social limelight. She was beautiful, slender, and distinguished with her long, oval face and complexion like illumined ivory. It was here that the warm friendship with Mme. Romero, the Mexican ambassador's wife began, that was to be broken only



THE PARLORS OF THE MANSION DECORATED FOR THE McKINLEY RECEPTION IN MAY, 1901.

by death. Not a legation then in Washington excelled the splendor and elegance of the Romeros. For instance, at a dinner in Mme. Romero's home, the guests ate from a dinner service of solid gold. Only one who has seen the wealth of Mexico can appreciate the gorgeousness of a regime in a high class Mexican home. There is no doubt that the influence of this brilliant woman of the world on the Texas girl was far reaching.

Mrs. Sayers, always an apt pupil, studied French in the Berlitz School of Languages that she might converse with the corps diplomatique. She became a great favorite in the official set, and met and entertained the men and women who make Washington City the Mecca of all that is delightful in the social world.

She told me long years afterward: "That was my training for the mansion. It was the Major's ambition to be Governor of Texas, and I was perfectly happy when that ambition was realized." Other women might have grieved at leaving the Washington official family, but it was with a spirit of pride that she returned to be, in every way, the first lady of the State, and her every act proved she was sincere.

There has never been, nor can ever be, another Governor's wife who has meant so much to Austin socially. With infinite tact she systematized the life of the mistress of the mansion. Without arrogance she formed a set of rules that have been of inestimable value to the women who were to follow her. She made Tuesday afternoon pre-eminently the mansion day.

The first thing she did, after securing the permission of the State, was to have a general overhauling of the house and grounds. The ugly fountains that stood like stiff sentinels on either side of the front walk were removed. Great rosebeds were planted on the south lawn to the rear. The interior of the mansion was done over with the utmost taste. The historical pictures were retouched by her own hand, reframed and hung in the beautiful colonial hall. The Sam Houston bed upon which Mrs. Culberson had placed the silver plate, was put into the hands of an expert cabinet maker. The natural richness of this four-post mahogany bed is brought out by the deep coloring of the tester. Suitable furniture was put in the room, and the southwest room at the head of the grand stairway literally became the State bedroom. Instead of a housekeeper, she used the forty dollars per month appropriated, for service of two maids. Mrs. Sayers introduced her personality in the entire mansion, and it became the center of all that was best and elevating in Texas.

Besides the official receptions and her regular days at home, Mrs. Sayers had receptions for different groups of ladies—the University set, the prominent women from over the State, the colonial dames and others; while her receiving party numbered the brains and beauty not only of the official family, but of Austin's social world. A memorable reception was one which happened to occur while the Goulds were touring their lines in the South.

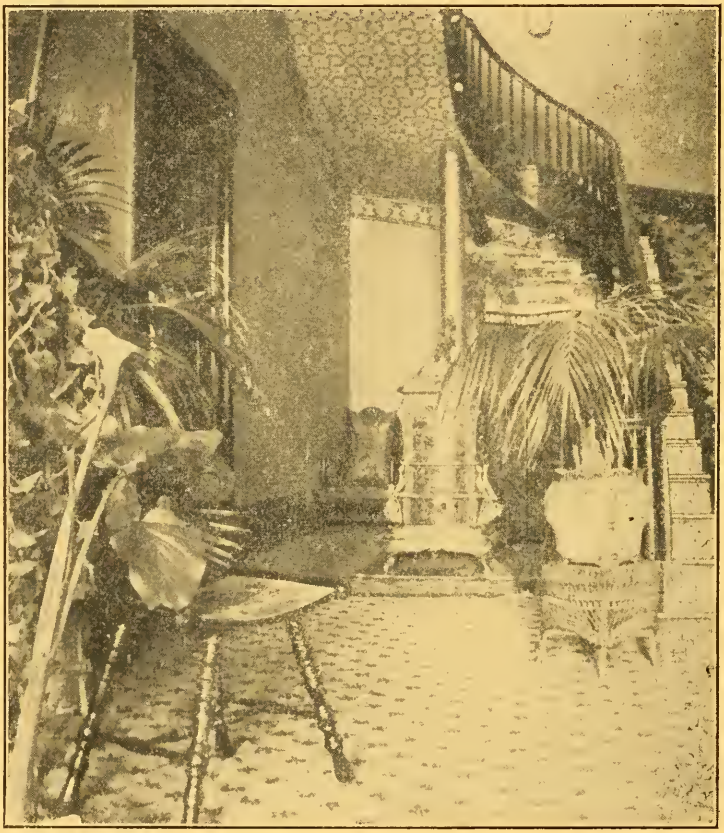
The house guests were notified to come an hour ear-

lier than the time set for the regular reception. Miss Helen Gould, with her pleasant smile and sympathetic eyes, was gowned in brown and wore a brown fur collar. She was specially delighted with Mrs. Sayers, and they discussed at length the Young Men's Christian Association interests in Texas, which were so dear to the hearts of each. The entire Gould party were charmed with this break in their journey, and went away with a better idea of Texas than can be gotten from the inside of a private car.

When all Texas was thrown into mourning over the tragic storm that swept over the beloved Island City in 1900, Mrs. Sayers was at the head of the Austin Relief Society, and worked with heart and soul to alleviate the desolation.

When President and Mrs. McKinley paid their memorable visit to Austin in May of 1901, they were honor guests at the mansion. At the reception tendered them the elaboration of detail was perfect. Mrs. Sayers planned the decorations and was ably assisted by Sam Harlan, then Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The large parlors were decorated in the beautiful Southern smilax, while a wealth of roses added the proper color tone. Through the open windows the balmy air of a May night crept in as if to help the hostess in her desire to shower courtesies on the Nation's Chief Executive and his frail wife. Excepting Judge Reagan of the Railroad Commission, a Texan whom Governors and people alike loved to honor, no one was present at the mansion dinner save the

members of the executive party. The dining-room was changed to a floral grotto, and the table was arranged in the form of a square with one side open. So perfect was the menu, and so congenial the surround-



THE COLONIAL STAIRWAY AT THE MANSION

ings, that the President hummed a little air as he led Mrs. Sayers from the table. It was he who called Mrs. Sayers "The Governor of the Governor."

Again Colonel and Mrs. Bryan were guests. Then

two different governors of Mexico were entertained at a brilliant dinner as guests of State.

With all Mrs. Sayers did, and there was scarcely a week that passed but some official or semi-official affair was held at the mansion, she returned all of her calls in person; she was feted and entertained; she painted china like an artist, rather than an amateur; she was devoted to her church work, and was president of the local Auxiliary to the Young Men's Christian Association. Above all she was never too tired or too busy to cheer, comfort, or advise Governor Sayers when his duties were unusually arduous. In fact, I believe, in everything Mrs. Sayers has done since she became the wife of that much loved Texan, Major Joseph D. Sayers, her first thought was for her husband.

Orlene Walton was born at Aberdeen, Miss. On account of her frail health, her young life was carefully guarded from over study, yet she was taught by a governess in the home. Later in Bastrop she was fortunate in having for a teacher Mrs. Orgain, a cultured woman of the old South—a woman whom Mrs. Sayers still speaks of with love and tenderness. She was living at Bastrop, Texas, at the time of her marriage. Orlene Sayers is in every way a gracious, womanly woman, but how much of Major Sayers' political success is due to her charming personality the world will never know.

Governor and Mrs. Sayers are now living in their beautiful home in Austin, facing the purpling hills.

MRS. LANHAM

SARAH BEONA MENG

WIFE OF S. W. T. LANHAM
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1903 TO 1907

The subject of this sketch was born in Pacolet, Union County, South Carolina, and was educated in Rev. Colon Murchison's School in Unionville. She was married in her native town September 4, 1866, to the twenty-year-old soldier lover, who had just returned from the war. The gallant young Confederate and his girl bride came immediately to Weatherford. The young husband taught school for a short time and then began the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful. Here were born their three children, Fritz, Frank, and Grace. When they came to Austin, after S. W. T. Lanham was elected Governor, these young people became the life of the mansion.

Mrs. Lanham was never very well, but she took a great deal of interest in her home affairs and in the affairs of State while her husband was the executive head. She was a woman of deep Christian character and strong in her beliefs. She never permitted wine or other liquors to be served at the mansion under her regime, either at public or at private functions; yet in her genial hospitality, no one could call Mrs. Lanham "straight-laced."

At one time she became interested in obtaining a pardon for one whom she felt was worthy. She went in person before the Board of Pardons with an appli-

cation for release and later presented the same application to Governor Lanham. With such a fair advocate, needless to say, the man secured his pardon.

While Mrs. Lanham was at the mansion, she was notified of the death of a servant who had been for years in her family. She took the first train to Weatherford, attended the funeral, and drove into the country to be present at the burial.

Governor and Mrs. Lanham were beautiful in their consistent Christian life. They talked of going home to heaven just as they might have spoken of going back to Weatherford. They had passed the age when the frills of society meant very much to them, yet there was always a welcome and always a plate for the stranger within the gate.

When the State Federation of Women's Clubs met in Austin in November, 1905, Mrs. Lanham gave a beautiful reception in its honor, though at the time she was not strong enough to stand at the head of the receiving line and had to sit down the greater part of the evening.

In her gowns, Mrs. Lanham affected gray, which, with her well-preserved coloring and her silvery hair, was very becoming. She did not care very much for jewelry, but was fond of rich lace. She was a cultured woman though never forcing her knowledge or accomplishments on any one. She spoke German fluently, having learned it after she was forty years old. In fact it is a lesson to a younger generation, especially to busy young mothers or to a young wife who is not

able to afford the means of improvement. After the babies had grown up, when her husband acquired a little "nest egg," Mrs. Lanham took up the things she had neglected, things neglected, however, from a high sense of duty, not from any lack of aesthetic taste. Her paintings in oil and china were artistic and beautiful, yet she never touched a brush until she was past middle life.

She took a great delight in the lives of her children and would, with her husband, occupy a box at the theater, to see the plays put on by Fritz and Frank, in which all three of her children took leading parts. Fritz Lanham married one of Austin's most beautiful girls, Miss Beulah Rowe, and they now live in Weatherford, where he is practicing law. Frank married dainty, golden-haired Singie Wooldridge and they are here in Austin.

The most elaborate entertainment at the mansion during this administration was the wedding reception of Miss Grace Lanham, who was married to Edward Cowan Conner, of Dallas, January 1, 1907, Rt. Rev. T. B. Lee officiating. The bonny bride, who had laughed and danced the hours away while in Austin, was a fair example of Texas' girlhood. Her education began in the kindergarten of Mme. Polluck at Washington, D. C. She spent four years at Winston College at Salem, N. C., and graduated with honors. She was a degree pupil in music. She came from the schoolroom to be a debutante in the mansion, though she never made a formal bow to society. In fact, cultured, good-natured,

Grace Lanham could not be formal if she tried. Her father's position, her charm of manner, her sincere and truthful character won friends wherever she went.

This marriage was a University love match. Mr. Conner is a graduate engineer of the University. He has had unusual advantages, and has a marked talent for art. For several years he illustrated the Cactus. He is an S. A. E. man and is practicing his profession in Dallas, where the young couple now live in their beautiful home on South Ervay Street. This wedding reception included the social world of Austin and many prominent out-of-town guests. The decorations were in keeping with the occasion, which furnished a fitting finale to the Lanham administration.

Governor and Mrs. Lanham returned to their home in Weatherford, but only lived a short while before going to their mansion in the heavenly kingdom. In view of their many kind Christian acts, their modest demeanor and their broad charity, we can be sure that this other mansion is a goodly one.

Mrs. Lanham died July 2, 1908, after an illness of one day. Governor Lanham died one month later. Husband and wife had been so closely connected in life, so congenial in thoughts and views, it was fitting that they should not be separated in death.

FANNIE BRUNNER

WIFE OF THOMAS M. CAMPBELL
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1907 TO 1911

The generous reception given Governor and Mrs. Campbell by their people in Palestine after the returns from the gubernatorial election of 1907 showed that this family were not without honor in their own town. The newspapers in reporting this ovation said: "The honor was a joint affair in which Mrs. Campbell was equally an honoree with her husband."

It is a coincidence that of the three native-born Governors the State has had—and Texas has had some splendid Governors—two should have come from the same county. It was this fact, probably, that made Governor Hogg and Governor Campbell life-long friends. When grown to manhood, Governor Hogg located at Tyler, while T. M. Campbell went to Palestine. Here the East Texas man made good. On December 24, 1878, he married Fannie Brunner. He met Miss Brunner two years before, while she was visiting in Texas, but just as Mrs. Campbell is slow to give her friendship, so was Miss Brunner slow to give her love; but once given, either is a priceless possession.

Fannie Brunner was born at Beauregard, Mississippi, and educated at one of the fashionable girls'

MRS. CAMPBELL

schools of the South—The Central Female Institute of Clinton, Mississippi.

She is a daughter of Capt. Wm. I. Brunner and Mrs. Mary McKay Brunner. On her father's side she is a descendant of a fine old English family. Her grandfather, John Sparke, coming to this country when quite a youth, was one of the pioneer settlers of St. Louis, Missouri. Her great-grand mother was a New York woman of splendid birth.

Captain Brunner was the son of Edward E. Brunner, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, a well-known merchant. He was highly educated, a gallant Confederate, and at the close of the war moved from Mississippi to Shreveport, Louisiana, where for many years he was city treasurer and here Miss Fannie Brunner spent her young ladyhood.

Her mother was a Scotch woman and a member of the large and well-known McKay family of Mississippi which was represented in the legal and medical professions, and some of the largest planters in the State. Mrs. Brunner was one of a family of thirteen—a family well known and much esteemed in the annals of Mississippi history. Mary McKay and Anne Maria Penn, later the wife of Governor Ireland, were fast girlhood friends. Mrs. Brunner was till the day of her death a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. Her gentle influence will be lasting not only on this devoted daughter, but on her children's children.

When the Campbells came to the mansion, the grounds were in a very neglected condition and one of the first things Mrs. Campbell had done was to have the terrace built and the entire grounds surrounded by a good walk.

When the girls suggested putting this money on the inside rather than the outside of the mansion, Mrs. Campbell replied: "The outside appearances should come first, and good side-walks on every side would give so many more people comfort and pleasure than to supply on the interior what would be comfortable and luxurious for us."

Mrs. Campbell is passionately fond of flowers, and it was due to her influence that the Capitol green house was built.

Modest to a fault, this dark-haired young wife went to Longview to make a real home for the ambitious young lawyer. Here their children were born, and the foundation for the real Campbell home was laid. Later they removed to Palestine, where Mr. Campbell became the general manager of the I. & G. N. Railroad.

Mrs. Campbell is a devout Presbyterian, a woman on whose every word you can rely. She took a human interest in her home town, working for whatever was for the good or the uplift of the community. She is a clubwoman; she is a Daughter of the Confederacy, and while not encouraging sectional strife, she is

ever loyal to the ideals of the Southland; above all she is a home-maker—the ideal mother of an ideal family. Mrs. Campbell has the culture that comes from birth and travel. She was the friend of statesmen before she ever came to Austin as the "Lady of the Mansion." On the afternoon that Mrs. Lanham introduced her to Austin as the wife of the next Governor, she simply came into her own.

There was never any question as to who was Mistress of the Mansion when Mrs. Campbell was there—her personality permeated everything. She is secure in her husband's love and confidence, and her children idolize her.

Aside from her graciousness, if Mrs. Campbell has one talent more marked than another, it is that of being an original and unique hostess. From the stateliest function to the simplest "tea" everything was dignified and elegant.

Mrs. Campbell encouraged talent, and several delightful musicales were held during her regime. Quite often the voice of Maydelle Campbell with its bird-like trills added to the program as well as to the pleasure of the guests. A musicale she gave to the American History Club was unusually delightful. This club has since become famous because its loved member and president, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, became the president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Pennybacker were friends in former years and it was but

MISS FANNIE BRUNNER CAMPBELL

natural their club and social life should reunite in the delightful atmosphere of Austin.

When Sammy Belle Campbell made her debut, it was at the Eighth Street Hall, but Mrs. Campbell and Miss Fannie carried out in detail one of the most unique social affairs ever held in the State. The debutant, accompanied by her chum sister, Maydelle, made her entrance in a flower-covered aeroplane, and literally sailed into her kingdom of young ladyhood. The favors were in keeping with the airship idea, and many will remember the individual and beautiful dance that followed.

Another time Mrs. Campbell had a luncheon. When the guests were ushered into the dining-room it was a typical representation of spring. Flowers were everywhere, and hovering around and about were vari-colored butterflies. With this artistic setting came a faultless menu. Beside the State and the New Year's receptions, with their delightful honor guests and beautiful, talented young women from over the State, Mrs. Campbell entertained the Federated Club women, the Mothers' Congress, the Texas Woman's Press Association, and several other organizations. She gave a specially brilliant reception to Col. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, who were the guests in the mansion, Col. Bryan and Governor Campbell being warm personal friends.

A garden party in early summer was a special suc-

cess. The handsomely gowned women, the gaily-tinted parasols and the refreshments served on the lawn, while the enormous ice centerpiece with infrozen flowers and fruits, hung like a huge icicle, made everyone forget that summer was at hand. The colonial pillars of the broad gallery made a splendid background for the gay party and the mocking birds' sweet notes were an accompaniment for the conversation of the ladies.

Since leaving the mansion, Mrs. Campbell has not lost her interest in the welfare of the people at large. During the late campaign for President Woodrow Wilson she was chairman of the campaign fund for her district. The committee appointed by her raised over one thousand dollars.

To tell of Mrs. Campbell, whether at home in Palestine, or as the wife of the Governor in Austin, without making special mention of Miss Fannie Brunner Campbell, the young lady daughter of the home, would be like a splendid book without a cover. The Campbell young people, each and all, had the good taste to realize the dignity of their position. Miss Fannie Campbell may be held up as an ideal daughter of the mansion. She was a graduate of Ward's at Nashville, an extensive traveler both on this continent and abroad, and ably assisted her mother in every way, but it was her splendid tact that fitted her for the position. Young people, as a rule, do not realize that the ideal Governor is not alone great in his official position, but great also in his wife and children.

Mrs. Campbell has inculcated the foundation of good breeding in her children. Invitations are promptly answered, social courtesies are quickly acknowledged, and it is the natural order of this family to do the kindly act.

As a parting courtesy to Mrs. Campbell, a silver tray was presented to her just before she left Austin, bearing this inscription:

To

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell Campbell,

Mistress of

The Executive Mansion of Texas,

1907-1911.

With the genuine respect

and affection of

The Women of Austin.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. T. M. Campbell, Miss Fannie Brunner, Miss Sammy Belle, now Mrs. Clarence Dilley, Miss Maydelle, and Thomas Mitchell Jr., are now living in Palestine.

MRS. COLQUITT

ALICE FULLER MURRELL

WIFE OF O. B. COLQUITT
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1911 TO 1915

The father of Alice Fuller Murrell was the first white child born in Claiborne Parish, La. He grew to manhood and became a well-to-do planter and merchant, and at the time of his daughter's birth, lived at Minden, Webster Parish, La. Alice studied at the Minden College, and here grew to womanhood. She was visiting her married sister, Mrs. C. N. Aldridge, in Pittsburg, Texas, when she first met Oscar B. Colquitt. The future Governor wooed this young girl, with her pink and white complexion and her glorious mass of wavy auburn hair, and it is whispered that when Mr. Colquitt first proposed, Alice Murrell promptly said "no." Whether this "no" was the maidenly "yes" or whether she changed her mind, "even as you and I," cannot be said; but all of Governor Colquitt's life has been proof that what he wants he gets.

Oscar B. Colquitt and Alice Fuller Murrell were married December 9, 1885. Five children came to brighten the Colquitt home—Rollins Murrell, Sidney Burkhalter, Oscar B. Jr., Mary Alice, and Walter Fuller. In 1911 death broke the family circle, and Walter Fuller died, aged 15, just a few months before Governor and Mrs. Colquitt went to the mansion as the official head of the State. The eldest son, Rollins, as his father's campaign manager in two campaigns, dis-

played rare executive ability. Sydney Colquitt, with his young wife, attended his father's second inauguration, and in 1914 was accepted as one of Uncle Sam's lieutenants. He is stationed at Washington, District of Columbia.

When she came into the mansion, Mrs. Colquitt was not a stranger in Austin, for her husband had served on the Railroad Commission previous to his election as Governor of Texas. She was president of the Albert Sydney Johnston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and was worthy of the office, because she is loyal in thought and deed to all Southern history and traditions.

She was at the head of the crusade against tuberculosis, and all Texas owes her a debt of gratitude for the work she has done in establishing tuberculosis camps in this State. It is through her untiring efforts that a goodly sum is realized each Christmas on the Red Cross stamps, the sale of which reverts to the care of tubercular patients and extends educative and preventive measures of the great white plague.

Mrs. Colquitt was the first mistress of the mansion who used an automobile. She had a victoria and a span of handsome horses, but she was seen oftenest in the car, which was very often run by Miss Mary Colquitt, who was an enthusiastic motorist.

Mrs. Colquitt's strongest trait is her good common sense and splendid judgment. She never says unkind things of other women. She is charitable and sympathetic. Mrs. Colquitt is a gracious hostess,

and makes no effort to splurge. Often the children of some friend play around the parlors while the guests chat over a cup of tea. At a dinner given to Mrs. Ballington Booth of New York City, at the time of her visit to Austin in the interest of prison reforms, "Boots," the pet Angora cat, given to Mrs. Colquitt by Miss Mary Carlisle, purred around the table and was given a tidbit now and then by some of the family or guests.

Mrs. Colquitt has traveled extensively in the United States since she has been in the mansion. Her longest trip was made when she went to join Miss Mary Colquitt when she acted as maid to little Miss Lyons, who was called on to dedicate the battleship Texas at Newport News. At that time Miss Colquitt was a pupil at Bellecourt, Washington, D. C.

The last winter of the Colquitt administration, Miss Colquitt was at home as the young lady of the mansion, though no formal debut was made. Miss Colquitt was one of the Duchesses at the Fort Worth Horse Show.

Mrs. Colquitt has stood at the head of the receiving line in the mansion for several elaborate State functions, and is the second Governor's wife to be "The Lady" at two inaugural balls. She had a decorator do over the lower floor and grand stairway at the mansion, and, deciding that the historical pictures were out of place in the hallway, she sent them to the Capitol for safe keeping.

She is interested in her husband and children, but takes no interest whatever in politics or literary clubs.

It is said that on one occasion during the second campaign, when feeling ran so high, Mrs. Colquitt and the wife of one of Governor Colquitt's bitterest political foes, Mrs. Lane, met in Scarbrough's store, and over the glove counter calmly compared recipes for a choice preserve.

Mrs. Colquitt is a loyal friend, and chooses her friends to suit herself, heeding not wealth, position or influence.

When Mrs. Colquitt left the mansion, she was presented with a diamond pendant, presented by her friends among the women of Austin and selected by the Chairman of the Gift Fund, Mrs. Colquitt's loyal friend, Mrs. C. O. Yates.

At the close of the Colquitt administration Governor Colquitt moved his family to a beautiful home in Dallas, where they are now living.

MIRIAM A. WALLACE

WIFE OF JAMES E. FERGUSON
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS FROM 1915 TO 19—

After James E. Ferguson made his spectacular campaign for Governor of Texas and won, the social world of the State was anxious to see the wife of this magnetic man who thus far had brought all classes and all creeds to look in the political mirror through his eyes.

At first Mrs. Ferguson objected very seriously to her husband's entering the Governor's race. The first intimation she had was at the 1913 Dallas State Fair. A party, including Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, was at the hotel, and the qualifications of the different candidates were being discussed, when Tom Henderson said, "Jim, get in the race." That race is history.

For the first time two native Texans are at the head of State and social life at the Executive Mansion. Governor and Mrs. Ferguson are real partners and home-makers, and with their delightful young daughters, Ouida and Dorrace, one like the father, the other like the mother, both in looks and temperament, the life in the mansion during this administration is likely to prove dignified and wholesome.

Ouida, the older daughter, is a school girl in her early teens. She is quite dignified for one so young, but has, to a great extent, the personal charm of her successful father. Ouida is fond of outdoor sports and is a good swimmer. She is quite expert with her needle, and many a friend has a dainty piece of lingerie made by her nimble fingers.

MRS. FERGUSON

Little Dorrace walked right into the hearts of the Austin people when she entered the Driskill Hotel, after her father's election, with her pensive little face a little saddened by leaving her Temple friends, and with "Sammie," her pet dog, tucked under one arm and her violin under the other.

Mrs. Ferguson, while quite frail, is a model mother and housewife. She is a tall, slender woman with flashing black eyes and tiny laugh-wrinkles around her eyes, that prove she is not void of humor. She has a peculiar habit of looking at the back of people's heads to judge their character or refresh her memory in regard to an old acquaintance.

She was educated at Baylor College, and her gentle, refined manner has won her many friends as well as cemented the ties formed in earlier years. Mrs. Ferguson has high ideals in regard to her position as Mistress of the Mansion, and yet she has just as strong views in regard to her individual liberty. She is passionately fond of flowers, and the gallery boxes and flower beds around the mansion are a riotous mass of glowing color. To the south of the house she has had a commodious conservatory built for her exclusive use. The beginning of Mrs. Ferguson's official life was saddened by the death of her mother, Mrs. Wallace, and everything social was called off for the first winter except a few official duties.

When she came to the mansion, Mrs. Ferguson planned extensive entertaining, and not being strong enough to attend to details, she set a new record for

MRS. EDWINA CROCKETT SNIDER

Social Secretary for Mrs. Ferguson

Texas Governors' wives by securing the services of a Social Secretary. She selected for this important position Mrs. Edwina Crockett Snider, a woman born in the Blue Grass region of old Kentucky, but who came to Texas when quite a child, and being a Crockett, is a loyal patriotic Texan by adoption. Mrs. Snider lived in San Antonio, where she has the *entree* of the "inner circle," and is well known both for her charming personality and her varied accomplishments. She is highly educated in music and is an artist of no mean ability. She is a good mixer, loves social life, and is interested in politics. Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Snider, though unknown to each other until a short year ago, have developed a warm friendship. Mrs. Snider tries in every way to spare Mrs. Ferguson the annoyance of the many petty details of social and official life and entertainment.

Thus far the mansion affairs have won great credit both for Mrs. Ferguson and for Mrs. Snider. The reception for the Thirty-fourth Legislature and the formal reception for Lieutenant Governor Hobby and his bride, who as the charming Miss Willie Cooper, was well known in Texas, New York and Washington City society, were the most elaborate.

When the Farmers' Congress met in Austin, Mrs. Ferguson entertained with an informal, but delightful morning, thus showing the interest she takes in the economic side of life. Besides, the title of "farmer" is one of which the Governor is very proud. The girls of the canning clubs were charmed with her simple graciousness.

MISS OUIDA FERGUSON

Miriam A. Wallace is the daughter of Mr. Joe L. Wallace and Eliza E. Wallace, of Bell County, Texas. She married James E. Ferguson on January 31, 1899. They lived for several years in Belton, but later moved to Temple, where her husband was in the banking business with wide real estate interests.

Mrs. Ferguson opened the season of 1915-16 by a unique birthday party given in honor of Governor Ferguson's birthday. The account is quoted in full as it was written by that clever reporter, Mrs. Fred Scott, who has done so much excellent work along that line for many mansion affairs. The clipping is taken from the Austin American of September first.

"Governor James E. Ferguson was forty-four years old yesterday. In honor of the occasion, Mrs. Ferguson planned a surprise party for her husband last evening in the form of a 'smoker.' A six-course dinner, a beautifully appointed table, and sixteen congenial guests awaited the Governor's return from his day's labor.

"The table was unique in its decorations. The centerpiece was a circus ring, with the prominent performers of the political circus at their respective stunts. In the saw-dust ring President Wilson was riding on the Democratic donkey, which bore the placard, 'The People Like His Gaits.' President Wilson, in a high stovepipe hat, carried a white peace banner. The G. O. P. elephant with his head tied up, was lying outside the ring, while Teddy, with his big stick, was trying to get in.

" 'Just Left,' was Bryan, with a white feather in his

DORRACE FERGUSON
The Pet of the Mansion

cap, and still in the ring. Seated busily at his desk was Secretary Lansing. Of course there was a clown, but why name him?

"At each end of the table was a crystal basket of flowers, red and white roses, white lilies, and a delicate queen's wreath that entwined the mantel. Place cards were decorated with pipes, giving the pipe dreams of the guests at the dinner.

"The dinner began with shrimp cocktail and closed with coffee and cigars—the latter being "Jim Ferguson" cigars named for the Governor, which Mrs. Ferguson procured from their home town of Temple, in especial compliment of the honoree.

"Toasts and informal speeches were happily made, and a flash-light picture taken of the 'Birthday party' rounded out the affair to a pleasing close.

"Plates were laid for Governor Ferguson, the honor guest; Chief Justice Nelson Phillips, Secretary of State John McKay, Railroad Commissioner Earl B. Mayfield, Senators H. P. Brelsford, James A. Harley, S. M. King, W. C. Morrow, T. H McGregor, Representatives George Mendell and Walter Caldwell, Sheriff George Matthews, Col. John Peeler, Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker, Hon. H. H. Sevier, Hon. Gus Wroe, Judge William E. Hawkins."

Mrs. Ferguson never serves liquors at the mansion affairs. This meets the hearty approval of the Governor.

She is but started in her life at the mansion; what her future actions and their influence will be on the State is on the leaf not yet turned.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am deeply indebted to my aunt, Mrs. Jennie Neill; to the late Judge A. W. Terrell; to Mrs. Adele Looscan, member of the State Historical Association; to Mrs. Rebecca Fisher and Miss Lillie Robertson of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas; to Dr. Killis Campbell of the University English Department; to Mr. E. W. Winkler of the University Library; to Miss Elizabeth West of the Carnegie Library of San Antonio; to Miss Octavia Rogan of the State Library; to the San Antonio Express for the first material recognition of the worth of these biographies; and to the Governor's wives or their decendants who have been most kind to me in my search after interesting and truthful material for this book.

P. C. J.